

March 29, 1917

ASTER
UMBER

Life

PRICE 25 CENTS
Vol. 69, No. 1797. April 5, 1917
Copyright, 1917, Life Publishing Company



BELGIUM — THE FUTURE



The Seven Wise Women of Persia

in an ancient book—
advise young women:

*"If you meet a handsome young man in the way, cunningly
remove a little of the veil and draw it off gradually, pre-
tending—'It is very hot, how I perspire, my heart is wounded.'
Talk on in this manner and stand a little until the youth
looking captivated smells the perfume of Ottar and sends a
message describing his enchanted and bewildered state of mind."*

It is still customary the world over to move the veil (as
if by accident), but Youth is no longer captivated by
the perfume of the simple Ottar; to-day the ladies of
Persia, like those of France and America, have adopted

Mary Garden Perfume

that remarkable medium of personal expression
created by

Rigaud

Master Perfumer of Paris
19 Rue de la Paix, Paris
and New York

Mary Garden Perfume,
Toilet Water, Sachet, Talcum
and Face Powders, Rouge,
(Vanity Case), Massage, Cold
and Greaseless Creams, Soap
and Breath Tablets.

From a drop of Mary Garden Per-
fume radiates an ocean of influence.

Lilas de Rigaud —the only odor true to
the fresh Lilac flower





PORTATIVE ORGAN 14TH CENTURY

THE TONE of the Columbia Grafonola is the supreme test of its incomparable musical quality. Rich, round, vividly true and lifelike, it transforms records into *reality*—giving back to you the artist himself; his personality, his supreme art in all its individual perfection.



Columbia Grafonola
Price \$150

Prices in Canada plus duty.

It is the chosen instrument of Barrientos, Lazaro, Sembach; the ideal of Ysaye, Casals, Hofmann, Godowsky, Parlow, De Pachmann—it is the great interpreter of the world's master musicians.

And once *you* hear the Columbia Grafonola, playing the Columbia Records of these or other great Columbia artists, it will be your choice, too. For "Hearing is Believing."

Columbia Grafonola



· LIFE ·



White Rock

is the
leading mineral water
because of its superiority



L
(On
OFF
T
zens:
It
here h
appea
is, I
of the
had n
run o
six th
avenue
This
Five
this s
I mig
all!
news
positi
vertis
of m
child
was n
made
My c
two

Old



Aft

C

"So
prov
refr
vary
and
in th
in l
A.

BA

COC
Folder
D. S. D.

Little Speeches for Great Moments

(On Being Killed on Fifth Avenue)

OFFENDING Chauffeur, Assembled Traffic-Policemen and Fellow Citizens:

It is with great pleasure that I lie here before you, a victim of that which appears to be an accident, but which is, I feel sure, a thoughtful kindness of the gods. I, an ordinary man, who had never dreamed of fame, have been run over by a car costing not less than six thousand dollars, on the wealthiest avenue in the world!

Think of it! Is it not beautiful? Five years ago I might have crossed this same avenue in comparative safety. I might never have been run over at all! But now my name shall be in the newspapers, perhaps in glorious juxtaposition to a safety-razor or corset advertisement! My wife will be proud of me! My children will be better children for knowing that their parent was run over by a high-priced, foreign-made and thoroughly fashionable car. My only regret is that there were not two men on the box. I thank you.

D. B.



Old Overholt Rye

After the Game—
Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 107 Years"

provides delightful refreshment. Unvarying in purity and quality. Aged in the wood, bottled in bond.

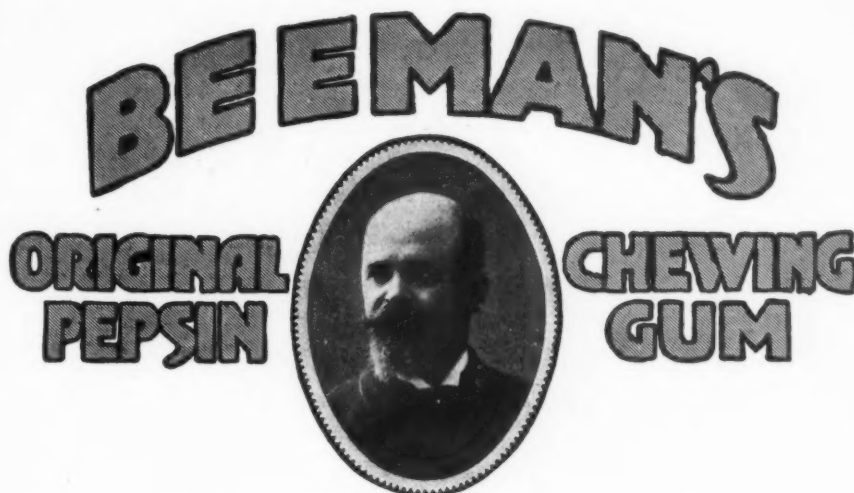
A. Overholt & Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

BACARDI TRY IT!

MAKES THE PERFECT COCKTAIL, HIGHBALL OR RICKEY.

Folder containing recipes of famous Bacardi drinks mailed on request

D. & DEJONGH. 127 Water Street, New York



INSOMNIA DUE TO INDIGESTION

When indigestion or dyspepsia are the cause of insomnia, one of the most satisfactory methods of securing relief is to chew a piece of Beeman's Pepsin Gum—a chewing gum made from a scientific formula of my own.

If you suffer at all from insomnia, always have a piece of my gum within easy reach, for many times it may turn a sleepless night into one of restful slumber.



E. E. Beeman
Doctor E. E. Beeman



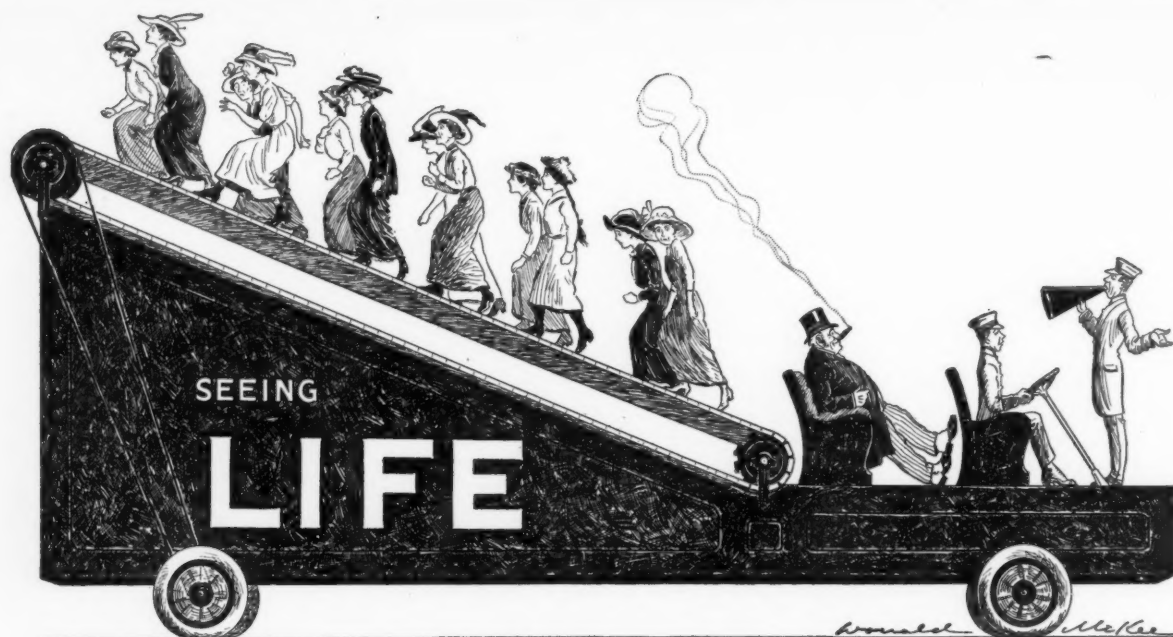
AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

Good Will

THE King James Version quotes the herald angels as proclaiming: "Peace on earth, good will to men!" But the original Greek justifies no such sentiment. The original Greek says, very plainly: "Peace on earth to men of good will!"

Possibly the angels meant not so much to register a promise as to call attention to a fact. At any rate, it is a fact that peace is to men of good will. Men of good will one toward another never fight unless it should be for the gate receipts. If men of good will were running things there would neither be wars nor rumors of war.

So that good will is demonstrably worth having. It might even be taught with profit in the public schools.



Now, ladies and gentlemen, we are coming to some interesting numbers. Besides the Bankers' and Pacifists' Numbers, there will be a galaxy of remarkable pictorial and textual outbursts of a general nature beginning with April and extending through until June. Next week a general number—price only ten cents as usual. All news-stands, if you get there early enough.

Our Own Private Contest

Anyone is eligible to this contest, which consists of opinions limited to twenty-five words, more or less, and telling why you should (or should not) become a regular subscriber. Anyone is liable for a prize, which consists of a package of LIFE blotters.

Is This Free Verse?

Being short on blotters, am forced to submit this in type. The ink blots so easily.

Why pay out five good, hard-earned "bones,"

When you can freely roam
Down to the corner drug-store,
Just two blocks from your home,
To get a three-fer stogie,
And hash out the nation's strife,
Then lean upon the counter
And read the druggist's LIFE?
P. H. F.

To be LIFE-less means death. A subscription is guarantee against suicide.
R. G. D.

LIFE:

I'm late.
Only "God" and the editors know
wherein lies the humor of LIFE, and
sometimes God doesn't know.
Please send the blotters.

Says I to friend wife,
"I'm subscribing for LIFE.
We can laugh and grow fat
At the price of my hat—
Costs but five—think of that!"
F. B. T.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

82 LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

One Year \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

DURATEX

"BETTER THAN LEATHER"



Leather has had its day

A new motor car upholstery is taking its place—DURATEX

Here is a material not only as fine as the finest leather but more comfortable—more durable and infinitely more beautiful.

And besides—no visions of the brutality and the endless slaughter involved in the production of leather can ever disturb the perfection of your comfort and pride in a car upholstered with DURATEX.

THE DURATEX COMPANY
Newark, New Jersey

"—and well-gloved hands"

...The phrase always suggests a well-groomed person. Does any other detail give such tone to the whole appearance as a pair of good gloves? Look about you.

It's a
FOWNES

that's all you need to know about a GLOVE.

A Great Question Settled

CONFRONTED by the great question as to whether it was better to read the old books or the new, the young student discovered himself to be in an agony of thought. In this dilemma he approached a distinguished Back Number.

The Back Number lifted his hands in evident horror that there could be any choice.

"The old, of course," he declared. "Everything has already been written, and so much better than it ever can be done. The idea of asking such a question!"

But the young student was unsatisfied, and so he approached a Modern Literary Critic.

"Tell me truly, shall I read the old books or the new?"

The Modern Literary Critic adjusted his highbrows to the exalted occasion.

"One should have read some of the principal old books," he asseverated, "as a foundation for the new, if for nothing more. They are necessary to lead up to the art of the present day. We cannot hope to reach the higher plane of this art, or to feel ourselves adumbrated by the finer vibrations of a super-excellence, unless we have first been as children. A first dabbling in old books is, therefore, necessary, otherwise our appreciation of Edith Wharton, Robert Chambers, Hall Caine, Monsieur Bergson and other modern masters is left rather cold."

But at this moment the young student was interrupted by a Practical Person, who said coarsely:

"Why spend even a few moments

asking such a footless question? Have you considered that, as between old books and new, you are reading neither, and there is no prospect that you ever will?"

The young student paused a moment, and then burst into a peal of real intelligence.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "You are right. I had never thought of that. Why, it takes all my time, doesn't it,

to read the newspapers, headlines and the picturesque articles in the magazines?"

MRS. M'LAP was about to pull off a social for the benefit of the Civic Club.

"Are you going to invite Mrs. Next-dore?" asked her niece.

"I should say not," answered the old lady. "I entertained her once and she never recuperated."—Argonaut.



Her wooing was like the first love story—

Two young people, a girl and a boy shipwrecked in infancy on a desert island, do not meet until they are twenty years old. Previous to having met neither had ever seen a human being before. Naturally, their modes of living are extremely primitive and in a daring story Morgan Robertson tells of their awakening to the immutable laws of Nature. It's an idyl of young love. With mother instinct

the girl has made a crude doll out of a piece of wood and a few rags. The man objects to this rival of her affections and his attempt to destroy the doll is their first quarrel. In the unfolding drama of the existence is focused the passions, the virtues, the joys and sorrows that have marked the race of man in his struggle from the cave days through the age of time.

This is only one of 35 wonderful, daring stories of love, humor and thrilling adventure in the new 4 volume set of Morgan Robertson's works—the books you hear people talking about. These four books cannot be bought anywhere. They are given free with subscriptions to two great magazines, Metropolitan and McClure's, who are co-operating in a wide distribution of Morgan Robertson's works. They are paying a generous royalty to Mr. Robertson's widow on every set—the only income she has.

"A master of his art. No lover of real stories can afford to miss reading Morgan Robertson's works."

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

"His stories are bully—his sea is foamy, and his men have hair on their chests."

BOOTH TARKINGTON

How You Can Get the 4 Books Free

The 35 Morgan Robertson stories embracing his best work, are in four handsome cloth-bound volumes—1,000 pages—over 300,000 words printed in new easy-to-read type—titles stamped in gold. You send only ten cents now with the coupon. After that one dollar for five months to pay for the magazines, and that's all. You pay less than what the magazines would cost you if bought at the newsstands. The books are yours FREE. If you wish to pay all at once, send only \$4.75. If you prefer full leather binding, send \$6.75. We recommend this edition to book lovers. Magazines may be sent to different addresses. If you are at present a subscriber to either magazine, your subscription will be extended. Postage extra outside United States.

METROPOLITAN, 432 Fourth Ave., New York

Name _____

Street _____

City and State _____

*Change terms of payment to seven months if you prefer full leather binding. If you wish credit and are not known to our Book Department, kindly send your letter head, business card or reference with your order.

Let
4-5
METRO
POLITAN
432 Fourth Ave.
New York
Enclose ten cents
Please send me
Morgan Robertson's
new stories in 4 volumes
and enter my subscription
to Metropolitan and McClure's,
each for 15 months.
I promise to pay one dollar
month for five months for
magazines. The books are
free.

Born 1820
—still going strong.



Johnnie Walker : "ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."

Wise Man : "YES, BUT THERE IS MORE THAN GOLDEN GLITTER ABOUT 'JOHNNIE WALKER' RED LABEL—IT IS GENUINE."

—and the "genuineness" of "Johnnie Walker" is assured by its protective non-refillable bottle.

Every drop of Red Label is over 10 years old before released from bond—the non-refillable bottle does the rest.

GUARANTEED SAME QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Agents: WILLIAMS & HUMBERT, 1153 Broadway, NEW YORK.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

PENNSYLVANIA

Quality
LAWN MOWERS

The easy-running action of "PENNSYLVANIA" Quality Lawn Mowers is proof of perfect mechanism, therefore little wear.

Self-sharpening blades insure perfect cutting at all times without the trouble and expense of regrounding.

Every blade is a cutting knife, made of crucible tool steel, oil-hardened and water-tempered, and cuts like a pair of fine shears.



This is the hall mark of Lawn Mower Quality and appears on the handle of all "PENNSYLVANIA" Quality Mowers:

"Pennsylvania"
"Great American"
"Continental"
"Pennsylvania, Jr."
"Keystone"
"Shock Absorber"
"Golf"
"Putting Greens"
"Horse"
"Pony"
"Undercut Trimmer"
"Braun Grass Catcher"
"Lawn Cleaner"

"PENNSYLVANIA" Quality Mowers are not only the cheapest in the end, but by far the most satisfactory in operation.

Your hardware dealer or seedsman will show you the various sizes and types.

Sent Free "How to care for the Lawn," a practical booklet by an authority, mailed on request.

Pennsylvania Lawn Mower Works
1625 N. Twenty-third St.
Philadelphia



Please
Tell Others
What You
Know About
BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION



IF A DREAM CAME TRUE

Always Put Your Advertising in the Right Hands

ONCE there was a young and promising author who wished to do something that would make him prominent. He thereupon applied to one who had once been a sage.

"There is only one rule," said the sage, as he carelessly went through his filing system, "for a promising young author like you. Take some idea that the world has long accepted as an axiom—something that you know we are all unanimous about—and give it as your opinion that precisely the opposite is true. Don't mention it. I'll send you a bill on the first of the month."

The promising young author, feeling somewhat doubtful whether his visit was going to pay him, wended his way home, when he suddenly read in a paper that old familiar phrase, "The survival of the fittest."

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "that is something that everybody accepts as being true."

Thereupon he wrote the following essay (which we have generously abbreviated), and which was published first in an English magazine and then novelized, dramatized and movieized.

"It is not, indeed, the survival of the fittest, but the survival of the unfittest that is the universal law. Is there anyone really more unfit to survive than the average politician, author, doctor, lawyer, magnate? All the qualities which are fitted to survive, in order to produce that ideal condition of society which everybody declares they want, are crushed beneath the weight of cruelty, barbarity and greed."

And, awaking the next morning, he discovered himself to be famous as an international comedian and philosopher.

BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

FROM JASON WEILER & SONS,

Boston, Mass., one of America's leading diamond importers

For over 40 years the house of Jason Weiler & Sons of Boston has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling to jewelers. However, a large business is done direct by mail with customers at importing prices! Here are several diamond offerings direct to you by mail—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should surely interest any present or prospective diamond purchaser:



1 carat, \$95.00

This genuine one carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and perfectly cut. Mounted in Tiffany style, 14k. solid gold setting. Money refunded if your jeweler can duplicate it for less than \$125. **\$95.** Our price direct to you.



Ladies' Diamond Ring, \$205.00

This ring is made of all platinum, richly carved and pierced in the new lace work effect. Set with perfectly cut blue-white diamond.



3/4 carat, \$65.00

This 3/4 genuine diamond of great brilliancy and perfectly cut. 14k. solid gold setting. Money refunded if your jeweler can duplicate it for less than \$85. **\$65.** Our price direct to you.

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:—
1/2 carat . . . \$ 19.00
3/8 carat . . . 32.00
1/4 carat . . . 43.00
1 1/2 carats . . . 139.00
2 carats . . . 189.00
3 carats . . . 512.00

Money refunded if these diamonds can be purchased elsewhere for less than one third more.

We refer you as to our reliability to any bank or newspaper in Boston.

If desired rings will be sent to your Bank or any Express Co., with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS VALUABLE CATALOG ON HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS

This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut and market diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes and prices (\$10 to \$10,000) is considered an authority. A copy will be mailed to you FREE on receipt of your name and address.



Jason Weiler & Sons

371 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Diamond Importers since 1876

Foreign Agencies: Amsterdam and Paris



No Medical Terms. Up to date.

STALL'S BOOKS

8 Books on Avoided Subjects

What a Young Boy Ought to Know
What a Young Man Ought to Know
What a Young Husband Ought to Know
What a Man of 45 Ought to Know

What a Young Girl Ought to Know
What a Young Woman Ought to Know
What a Young Wife Ought to Know
What a Woman of 45 Ought to Know

8 Books, \$1 each, post free. Table contents free.

Vir Publishing Co. 482 Church Building, 18th and East 9th Philadelphia, Pa.



National Tennis Tapes
GALVANIZED IRON
PERMANENT MARKING
TOP SET FLUSH WITH SURFACE
SAMPLE FREE
LORD MFG. CO. 96 W. 40th ST. N.Y.

DIRECT
& SONSer & Sons of
ond Importing
However, a
customers a
mond offer-
monstrate on
should surely
purchaser.Diamond
\$205.00
hairs of all phas
and pierced
work effect. In
cut blue-whitets and prin
mond rings—
• \$ 19.00
• 32.00
• 43.00
• 139.00
• 189.00
• 512.00
ed if these dis
purchased else
than one thirdWrite
for a
copy
today
Freeons
on, Mass.

ria

BOOKS
Subjectsought to know
ought to knowKnow
ought to know
ought to knowKnow
ought to know
ought to knowKnow
ought to know
ought to knowKnow
ought to know
ought to knowKnow
ought to know
ought to know

The Giant

ONCE I saw a youngster,
Golden hair agleam,
Mending broken arrows
By a singing stream.

Head a tilt with mischief,
Humming low the while,
He fixed his eyes upon me
With a wanton smile.

So I threw a rosebud,
Snatched it from my hair;
And I blew him kisses
Gaily through the air.

"Tell me, what's your name, dear?"
Light was my request.
But he took an arrow,
Aimed it at my breast.

And I saw him straightway
Rise to a great height,
Like a prince in bearing,
Like a god in might.

Like the sun in splendor
Towered he above;
Ere he twanged the bowstring,
Spoke: "My name is Love!"

Ethel D. Turner.

THE Duma was just on the point
of adjourning, after hearing of
the success of the Revolution. "And
now, gentlemen," said the president,
"I hope you will give another proof of
your intelligence and foresight by each
of you giving your newsdealer a stand-
ing order for LIFE."

What Now? a blizzard
a cold snap
snow or hail
more rain
hot weather

but
why
guess

Sunsets, winds, rainbows, or
stiff joints forecast the weather about as
accurately as tea leaves tell fortunes.
Weather changes depend upon atmos-
pheric conditions—accurately foretold by a

Tycos Barometer

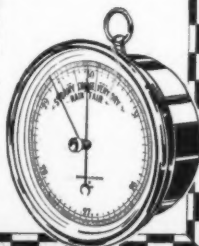
Get one and have a Weather Bureau of your own—
a Bureau that will help you to keep your health and
tell you what to wear in advance of weather changes.

Scientifically constructed
—adjustable by anyone
to 3,500 ft. altitude. Five inch
brass beveled case; enamel
metal dial.

If not at your optical or
instrument dealer's remit
\$10.00 direct and we will ship
you one at once.

Send for 36-page Barometer Book

For Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK
World's Largest Manufacturers
of Scientific Instruments



Six-40

\$1275

120 inch
wheelbase.
4 inch tires.
7 passenger
Touring or
4 passenger
Roadster

Six-60

\$1575

7 passenger
Touring.
125 inch
wheelbase.
4 1/2 inch tires.
F. O. B. Jackson

Reliable Power

Now we come to power—abundant power and what is vastly
more—*reliable power*.

Everyone pays tribute to power, especially to controlled, yet instantly
available and reliable power. It gives a sense of security and safety.

The Marion-Handley Six-Sixty is equipped with the
famous Continental Motor 3 1/2 x 5 1/4. Is there any-
thing more to be said?

Money cannot buy a better motor. You know that. Its quietness, smooth-
ness, and instant response to every demand is a delight to the motorist who
wants to be able to go anywhere at any time with the utmost speed or at
a snail's pace. He appreciates a motor that is at all times *absolutely*
dependable.

Get acquainted now with the Marion-Handley. It's a regular automobile for "regular
folks."

THE MUTUAL MOTORS CO., JACKSON, MICH.
SPECIAL MARION-HANDLEY DISTRIBUTING DEPOTS GIVEN BELOW
If none is near you, write for catalog and local dealer's address

Akron—Summit Auto Co.
Augusta, Ga.—Lombard Motor & Supply Co.
Albany, N. Y.—A. J. Kampf
Bastie, La.—R. Clem LaFleur
Beaumont, Tex.—R. E. Ligon
Benton Harbor—D. M. Marshall
Big Springs, Tex.—C. F. Morris
Belleville, Ill.—Knab Motor Car Co.
Boston, Mass.—The Anthony-Pilling Corp.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Jno. P. Agnew, Inc.
Buffalo—The Loveland Co.
Canton—Heavner Motor Sales Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Padgett & Garret
Motor Sales Co.
Chicago—Motor Car Sales Co.
Cleveland—Marion-Handley Sales Co.
Dayton—Stomps Auto Sales Co.
Detroit—B. F. Falter Sales Co.

Dallas—Ray-Rose Co.
Dubuque, Ia.—F-H Motor Sales Co.
Erie, Pa.—H. J. Meyers Motor Sales Co.
Evansville, Ind.—Dennis Bros.
Fitzgerald, Ga.—Johnson Hardware Co.
Fresno, Calif.—H. O. Marshall Auto Co.
Gaffney, S. C.—Byers & Copeland
Holdrege, Neb.—Kronquist & Lancaster Co.
Houston, Tex.—C. H. Stewart & Stevenson
Hutchinson, Kansas—Olinphant Motor Co.
Johnstown, N. Y.—Staley-Flombee Co.
Kansas City—Hull Motor Sales Co.
Lansing—Auto Sales Co.
Littitz, Pa.—Jno. F. Longenecker
London, Ont.—Forrest City Motor Sales Co.
Los Angeles—C. H. Carter Co.
Madison, Wis.—Madison Sales Co.
Milwaukee—Marion-Handley Sales Co.

Minneapolis—LaCrosse Auto Co.
Omaha—Prince Auto Co.
Pittsburg—Pittsburg Motor Sales Co.
Reading, Pa.—Fichtthorn & Bechtel
St. Louis—Bischoff Motor Sales Co.
Saginaw, Mich.—Hedinger & Vasold
San Francisco—H. V. Carter Motor Co.
Santa Barbara, Cal.—J. C. F. Miller
Seguin, Tex.—Blumberg Bros.
Syracuse, N. Y.—Perry Motor Sales Co.
Toledo—Geo. E. Wert
Trenton, N. J.—J. I. Peoples
Toronto—Mutual Motors Ltd.
Tulsa, Okla.—Purdy Motor Co.
Troy, N. Y.—New York Motor Sales Co.
Washington—Premier Sales Co.
Watertown, N. Y.—Paul C. Greene
Waco, Tex.—Ward-Phillips Motor Co.

Silence

WE could use a lot more silence in this country.

There is a great demand for it. If you don't believe it, go into any public library
and read the signs.

Justice Hughes glutted the market with it before he finally quit the Supreme Bench and
got into the presidential race. His output of silence there for a while was enormous. The
trouble was that he used it all up before he needed it. Hughes could have used a lot of silence
to good advantage in certain parts of the campaign.

However, our silence-market problem is not one of production but of distribution. We
raise plenty of silence, but we can't seem to get it distributed to the proper consumers.

There's a lot of first-rate silence out in the Rocky Mountains that W. J. Bryan and some
others are badly in need of, but we can't get it to them.

Why doesn't the Federal Trade Commission take up the scientific marketing of silence?



EASTER

suggests flowers as a gift. Let us suggest

Huyler's
Bonbons Chocolates

also. These pure, dainty, delicious candies have also become the customary gift at Easter time.

HUYLER'S, Dept. A, NEW YORK

SINCE the time when the man on horseback represented the advance guard of civilization we have been making Cascade. During all these years there has been no change in our old-fashioned integrity of process, purification and aging.

Original Bottling
Has Old Gold Label.

GEO. A. DICKEL & CO.
Distillers
Nashville, Tenn., Louisville, Ky.

2D

MELOW
AS
MOONLIGHT



CASCADE
PURE WHISKY



"ANOTHER YOUNG FELLOW GOING TO THE DOGS"

The Unbelievable

"I CAME across a curious bit of gossip the other day," said the first corpuscle, as they danced along together. "It may not be true, but it is rather amusing."

"Do tell me," said the second corpuscle.

"Well, it appears that beyond this world there are creatures much larger than ourselves—oh, infinitely so—who move along in big arteries and veins just as we do, but they have a most extraordinary habit of not all going the same way."

"You don't mean to say that some of them move in opposite directions?"

"Exactly! Stupid beyond words, aren't they? But the point I am getting at is that they have a most ingenious way of keeping themselves in order, so to speak. At the intersection of every artery and vein they have a sign right in the center; those going up the artery all keep to the right, those going the other way keep to the left. But—and here is the interesting point—when the sign turns, they all stop and give those who are crossing a chance."

"But why should there be any who cross?"

"Why, from side veins, of course. But that is not all. They don't all go along themselves. They sit in mechanical appliances that carry them along."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, I'm only giving you gossip. Very likely it isn't true. But as a matter of curiosity, tell me why you do not think it true."

The second corpuscle smiled.

"For a very simple but conclusive reason," he replied. "Each one of them, in order to fulfil its proper function, must—just as you and I do—have its plain duty to perform, which is to carry nourishment to remote centres, remove bad germs, and in many ways, by working hard, to keep everything pure and clean. But if there is a proportion of those corpuscles you tell about, who are carried about by others, in a comparatively short time the whole world they live in, through their inactivity, would become so diseased that it would destroy itself. No, my friend, believe me, there are no such creatures."

What's Gumming the Game?

KERRIGAN: Do ye think, Kelly, that afther th' war th' wur-kin' payple iv Europe will git a square deal?

KELLY: They will iv they discar-rd th' kings, quanes an' knaves!

Great Western Champagne

Brut Special 1903" "Special Reserve"
(absolutely Brut) (very dry)

"Extra Dry"
(medium)

"Sparkling Red Burgundy"

*Produced by the old
French slow method
of fermentation in
the bottle taking
from six to seven
years of time.*

Only American
Champagne awarded
Gold Medals in
Europe

(world's competition)

Paris 1900-1889-1867

Bruxelles 1910-1897

Vienna 1873

Write for free Illustrated Booklet.

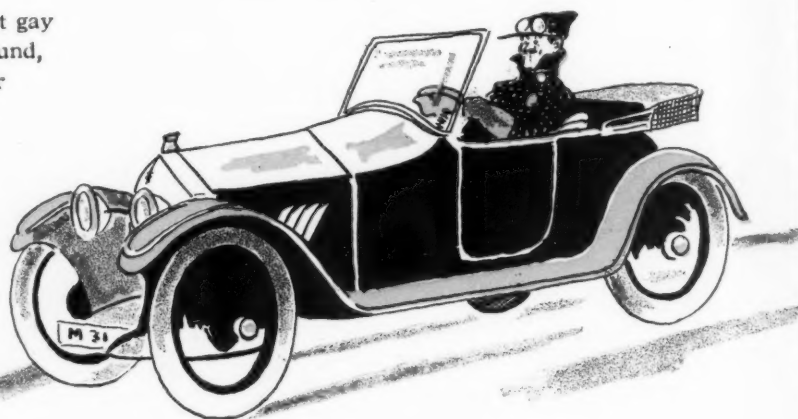
Pleasant Valley Wine Co.
Rheims, N. Y.

Oldest and largest
producers of Champagne
in America



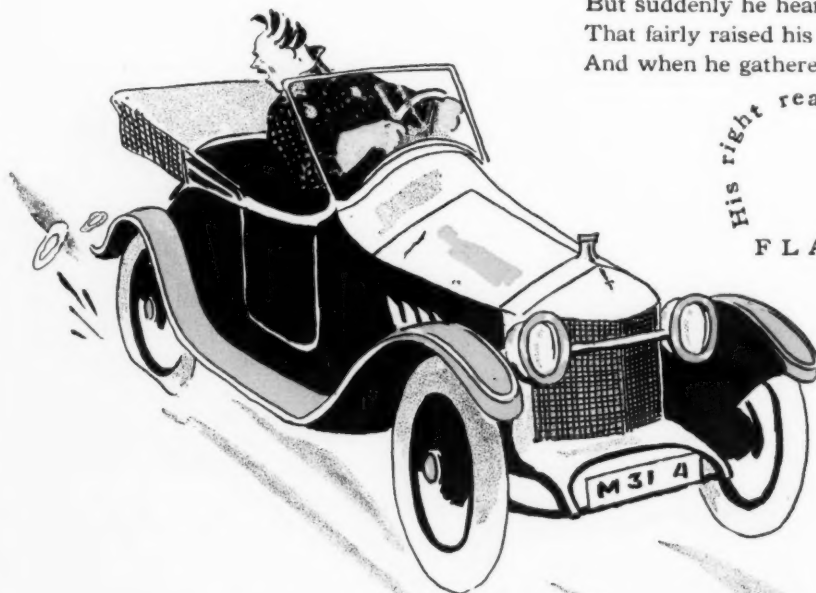
One perfect day, a motorist gay
Was speeding o'er the ground,
His tires all were full of air

And nice and hard and
ROUND



But suddenly he heard a noise
That fairly raised his hat,
And when he gathered strength to look

His right rear tire
was
FLAT



*Send for a copy of the
Tire Users' Handbook
— a complete text book
telling how to get the
greatest service out of
your tires, regardless
of their make. Sent
free on request — no
obligation of any kind.*

MICHELIN TIRE CO.
MILLTOWN, - N. J.

THE MICHELIN

"Alas, alack!" cried he aloud;
 "My trials are sure extensive,
 And blowing tires thus I find

Entirely
 Too
 Expensive"

But though his grief was very great
 His woes were quickly ended;
 He bought a tire that wore so well,
 ascended.

soon

spirits

His

Quoth he, "This economical tire
 Will be my reimbursal;
 The tire for me, henceforth shall be

THE MICHELIN UNIVERSAL"



N UNIVERSAL

WHICHEVER YOU PREFER QUALITY IS THE MAIN CONSIDERATION.



STRATHDON
SCOTCH

GREEN RIVER
WHISKEY

HOW
our
In our
people
frequ
cepted
be pro
simple
they l
public
ful a
even
their
Bryan
of wa
arms
Admin
tion w
dered
luxury
when
clare
many
stroye
three
after
being
ator
he kn
have
bring
can b
like t
All
men
life a
vices
day
from
the p

The
son
abo
yo

Herb

Falk

The National Sin of Exaggeration

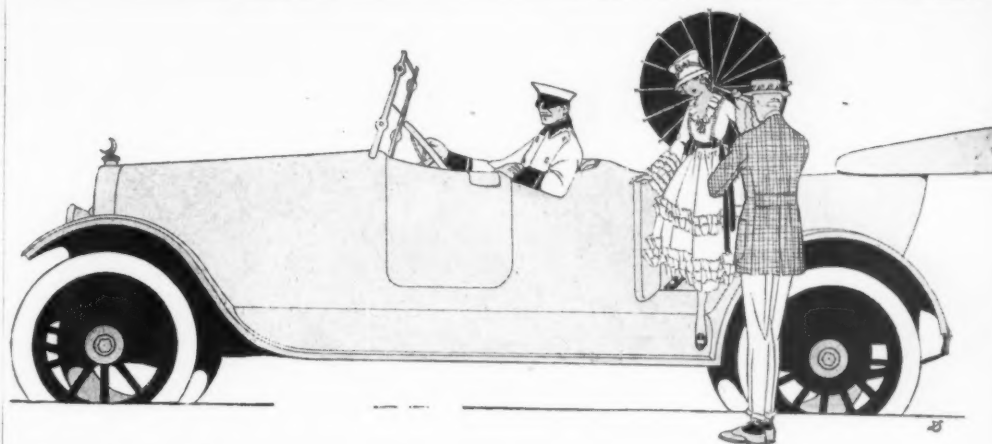
HOW widespread and deep-seated is our national habit of exaggeration! In our common intercourse with the people about us it is surprising how frequently statements are made and accepted as fact which not only cannot be proved, but which, subjected to the simple test of common sense, show that they have small basis of truth. Our public men should be particularly careful about exaggerating. Otherwise, even when they tell the exact truth, their whole case is undermined. Mr. Bryan's famous statement that in case of war a million men would spring to arms overnight was an exaggeration. Admiral Fiske's remark that as a nation we have become effeminized, rendered soft, degenerated by too much luxury, was an exaggeration. And when we hear Commodore Peary declare that, in case of war with Germany, New York could easily be destroyed by aeroplanes within two or three weeks, we quite naturally thereafter suspect Commodore Peary of being unreliable. Then there is Senator Stone, who recently stated that he knows twenty-five newspapers that have banded themselves together to bring on a war with Germany: what can be done with a perfectly good man like that?

All of these statements are made by men who are prominent in American life and who are conspicuous for services rendered their country. Not a day goes by that similar statements from our public men do not appear in the press.

There's something about them you'll like.



Herbert Tareyton London Smoking Mixture
 1/4 lb 50¢ - Sample on request
 Falk Tobacco Co., 58 West 45th St., New York



On the Show Streets of the World

—the Moon car is conspicuous for its downright good looks. Its double-cowled Delaunay-Belleville body design, usually associated with the higher-priced European models—and its charming Spanish leather upholstery give the Moon car a Patrician look—surprising in a car of its cost. With a mechanism which is famous in the field of automobile engineering, the Moon Car justifies the judgment and good taste of exacting buyers who appreciate the niceties of life.

Six-43

43 Horse-Power
Actual Brake Test

Touring and
Club Roadster

\$1395

Six-66

66 Horse-Power
Actual Brake Test

Touring and
Club Roadster

\$1690

Prices subject to advance
without notice

MOON CARS

A few of their splendid specifications

Red Seal Continental motor—Rayfield carburetor—smart slanting windshield—long wheel base—vacuum feed—Delco starting, lighting and ignition system—one-man top—motor-driven tire pump—Gemmer steering gear—extra long springs—complete chassis and body equipment and appointments.

MOON MOTOR CAR CO., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Curing Like

ONE of our most hypnotic phrases is, "Like cures like." Of course there is absolutely no case on record where like was ever cured by like, nor will there ever be; but why should we let such a merely incidental fact interfere with the euphony of our lives? The whole point is that it is a perfectly bewitching statement, and perhaps still more so in its Latin form, *similia similibus curantur*. It sounds so indubitably plausible upon superficial examination that it would be nothing short of a crime to examine it profoundly. The man who coined it should be given a suite of niches in the Hall of Fame.

Let us not, therefore, destroy the illusion. If like can get any happiness out of thinking, first, that it is being cured, and, second, that it is being cured by like, it is our duty to look on and say nothing to disturb the complacency.

E. O. J.





 STERLING

SILVERWARE

THERE comes a time in the history of an industry, as in the history of a people, when one name shines forth above others as the embodiment of all those qualities whereby leadership is established and sustained.

In the silversmithing arts it is now an almost century-old tradition that the finest examples of the silversmithing craft, whether lavish in design or economical in cost, carry the name and insignia of—

Gorham 

 STERLING

Gorham Sterling Silverware is sold by leading jewelers everywhere

THE GORHAM CO.

Silversmiths and Goldsmiths
 Fifth Avenue and 36th Street
 17-19 Maiden Lane
 NEW YORK

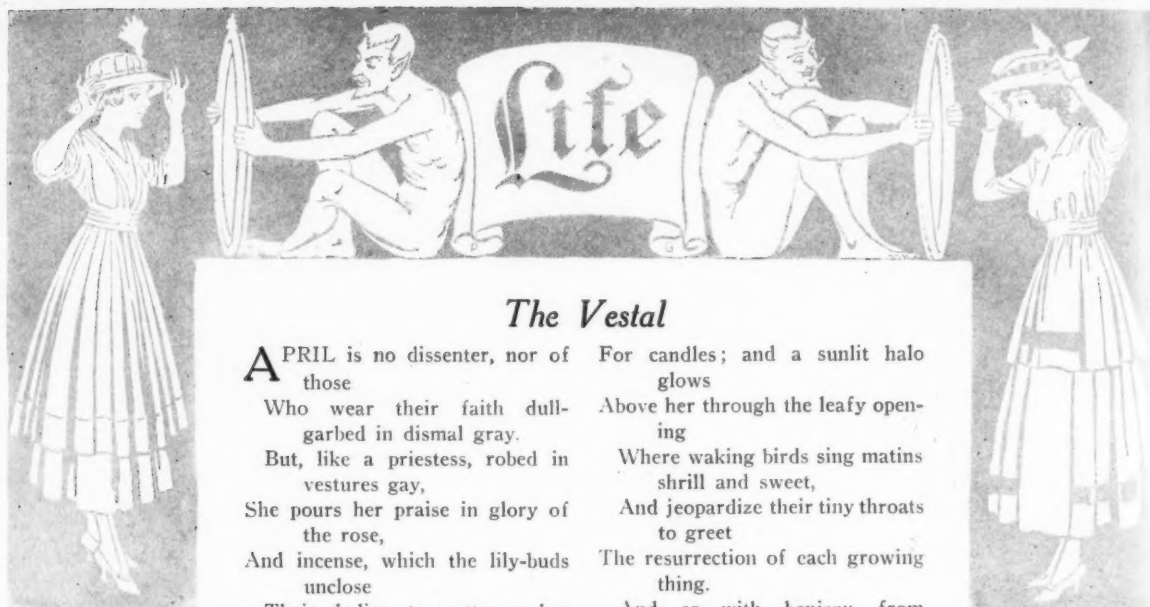
LIFE



- Mrs. L. Jacobs -

"SUCH CONDUCT! BEFORE YOU ARE EVEN ENGAGED!"

"BUT, MOTHER, I WOULD HAVE BEEN ENGAGED IN JUST A MOMENT IF FATHER HADN'T INTERRUPTED."



The Vestal

APRIL is no dissenter, nor of those
 Who wear their faith dull-
 garbed in dismal gray.
 But, like a priestess, robed in
 vestures gay,
 She pours her praise in glory of
 the rose,
 And incense, which the lily-buds
 unclose
 Their chalices to scatter on her
 way;
 The daffodils lend her their gold
 array

For candles; and a sunlit halo
 glows
 Above her through the leafy open-
 ing
 Where waking birds sing matins
 shrill and sweet,
 And jeopardize their tiny throats
 to greet
 The resurrection of each growing
 thing.
 And so—with benison from
 great and small—
 April holds Easter ceremonial!
Charlotte Becker.

Easter Clothes and Other Matters

LET us not hold with the Christian Endeavor Society, which, the newspaper says, has begun at Chicago "a movement to oppose the custom of display of new attire on Easter." The paper says the Endeavorers deplore the custom on general principles, but especially this year, because of the European war.

The Endeavorers are off the track in this matter. It is perfectly suitable to break out in new clothes at Easter. It matches the spirit of the day. It may, of course, be overdone, like everything else, but general principles are all for it.

If you are pagan and Easter is no more than the great spring festival, does not spring re-clothe the earth in fresh garments and shall not you do likewise?

And if you are Christian, the Lord has risen, and it becomes you to decorate not only your church and your house, but your person, and, especially if you be a woman, your blessed head.

All the Easter instincts make for decoration. The paper must have lied about the Endeavorers at Chicago, but perhaps not, for you never can tell what particular thought a member of the ruling class of the Middle West may have quite missed having.

AS to the war as an argument against Easter glories, of all other times it is in war-time that Easter comes best, the day of most hope to the desolate, of most consolation to the bereaved. If the Chicago friends think our Easter should be frumpy because we Americans have not done enough in the war to warrant us in any great bravery of raiment, there is basis, of course, for that opinion. If they hold that with so much distress in the world we Americans can do better with our money than spend unnecessary dollars of it on dress, that also is true. But if there is to be new garb, there is no occasion it can better honor than Easter, and no Easter fitter so to be honored than Easter this year.



FOR, pagan or Christian, the great spring festival stands for confidence in life in spite of death. It brings anew the eternal message annually reiterated.

It says that:

—manhood is the one immortal thing
Beneath Time's changeful sky—
That length of days is knowing when to die.

Without confidence in that principle, how can people get along with war that gathers the young to its untimely reaping; with this war especially, which gathers all the ages with a pitiless voracity that shows, as yet, no sign of satiation? It must go hard indeed with anyone who does not feel that life is something to be spent; not hoarded, but given in purchase when the treasure that is worth the price of it comes to market.

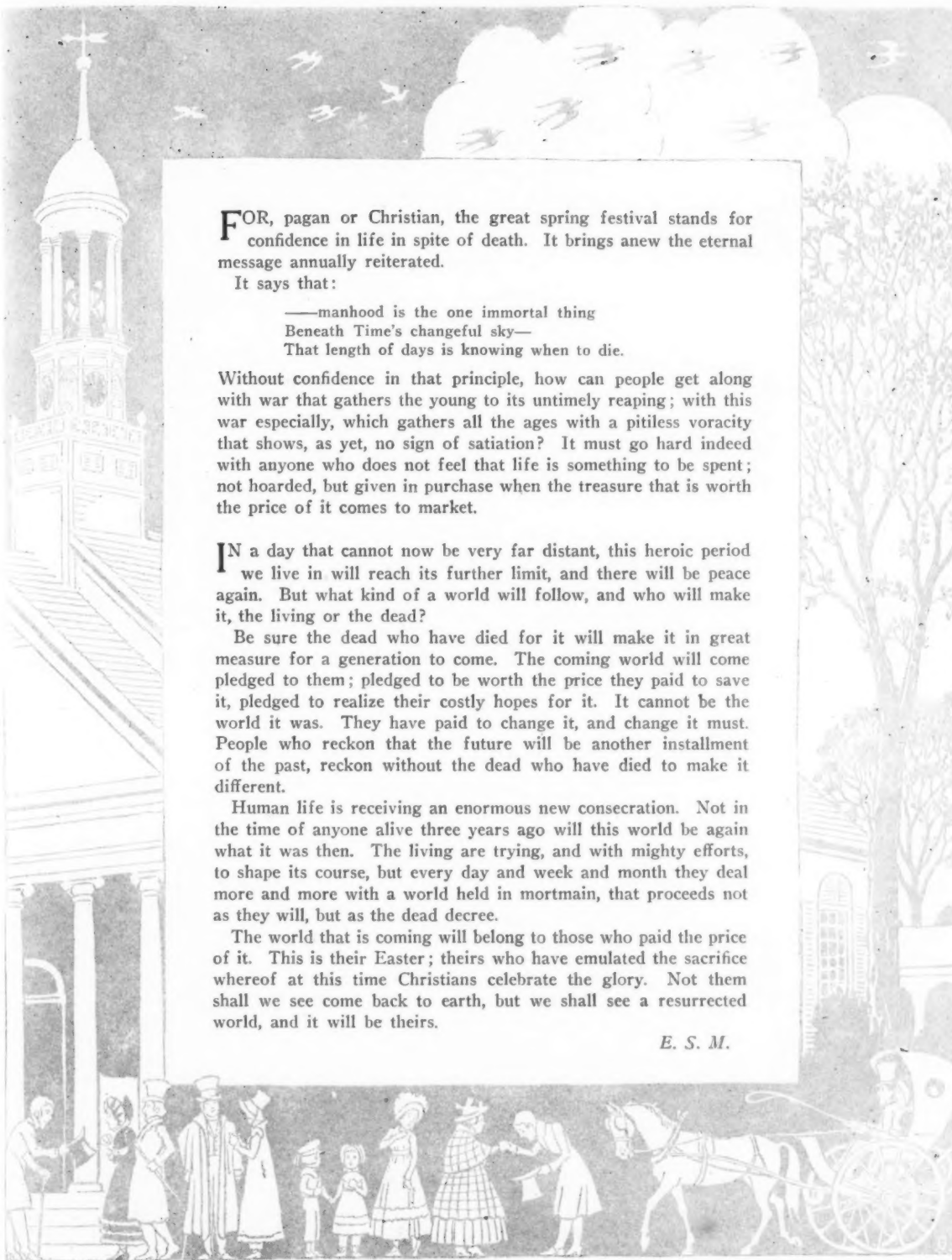
IN a day that cannot now be very far distant, this heroic period we live in will reach its further limit, and there will be peace again. But what kind of a world will follow, and who will make it, the living or the dead?

Be sure the dead who have died for it will make it in great measure for a generation to come. The coming world will come pledged to them; pledged to be worth the price they paid to save it, pledged to realize their costly hopes for it. It cannot be the world it was. They have paid to change it, and change it must. People who reckon that the future will be another installment of the past, reckon without the dead who have died to make it different.

Human life is receiving an enormous new consecration. Not in the time of anyone alive three years ago will this world be again what it was then. The living are trying, and with mighty efforts, to shape its course, but every day and week and month they deal more and more with a world held in mortmain, that proceeds not as they will, but as the dead decree.

The world that is coming will belong to those who paid the price of it. This is their Easter; theirs who have emulated the sacrifice whereof at this time Christians celebrate the glory. Not them shall we see come back to earth, but we shall see a resurrected world, and it will be theirs.

E. S. M.





SATELLITES

Sorrows of a Mother

MR. PANKHURST is now joined to the long list of mothers who grieve at their daughters' headstrong deportment.

She is strong to carry on the war, but the daughters hold to other trails that conflict with war purposes. They both seem to be anti-conscription. Last year Sylvia got out with banners in Trafalgar Square to beat the government in some matter, and the mother had to cable from these States that she "strongly repudiated and condemned Sylvia's foolish and unpatriotic conduct." Very lately Adela has been on the job in an anti-conscription and anti-Hughes campaign in Australia, and her disgusted mother cables: "Ashamed of Adela and repudiate her."

The young ladies seem to have the habit of agitation against the government too firmly fixed on them to be disturbed by a little thing like a world war. It is a habit that has serious drawbacks. We have dreadful instances of its ravages among the suffragists in this country, notably among those who have been besieging the White House. When acquired early in life and fixed by violent indulgence and head-line advertisement, recovery from it

is rare. Young women are not its only victims. Men contract it too—Bouck White and Scott Nearing, for example—and pursue publicity to the destruction of their usefulness in less vociferous callings.

Probably the chance for recovery is a little better in the case of men than of young women. Upton Sinclair has been quiet for some time, and it is several months since Pinney Earle got married again. Possibly they are convalescent.

"Stand by the President"

WHY?

If an American citizen prefers to stand by his own flag, by the honor of his country, by the Allies and by the principles of human liberty, why should he stand by a persistent pacifist who happens to be, temporarily, at the head of the nation?

NODD: Yes. I'm going to take my boy down to Washington and let him take a look at Congress.

TODD: Good idea! To let him see for himself what a pro-German looks like.



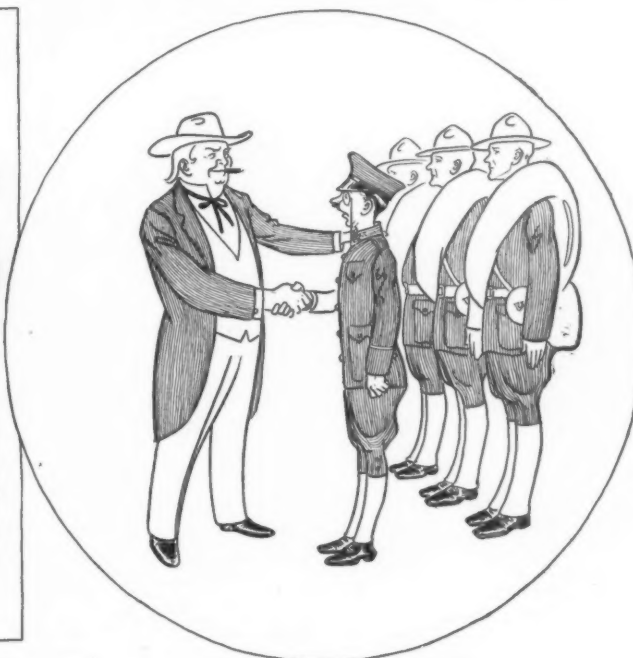
THE SENTENCING BUMS TO THE ARMY



THE OCCASIONAL DISCRIMINATION AGAINST THE UNIFORM



THE MEDICAL INQUISITION



THE POLITICAL FAVORITISM

WHY WE HAVE NO ARMY



"MUST I DRINK IT ALL? I'M FULL NOW."
"DOCTOR WILL PUNISH YOU IF YOU DON'T."

The Tiger Eater

THE man who was known to the natives from eastern Persia to western China as "The Tiger Eater," was an officer in the British Army and appears to have been originally the most arrant coward that ever had the cheek to wear a red coat. He was sent on active service somewhere up Afghanistan way, and his conduct was such that his brother officers wouldn't look at him, much less speak to him. The first time he found the bullets buzzing around him, he turned and made for Ceylon, and one of the bullets that was also making for Ceylon, overtook him and, catching him on the side of the head, laid him out. They found to their regret that he was only wounded, so they sent him down with the next batch and thanked Heaven they were rid of him.

Some months later, when his regiment had finished its business and was getting back to civilization, they began to hear stories of the extraordinary hunting prowess of this same man. They were amazed to hear that he had specialized in tigers and was in the habit of scoffing at the usual custom of taking an army corps with elephants and field pieces to hunt one small tiger. His own favorite weapon was a sword bayonet, though he generally carried a revolver in case of over-pressure. They didn't quite know what to do about it, but when he explained that his previous conduct was due to a desire to prove that he had the moral courage to run away as well as the physical courage to fight, they accepted the explanation. It is difficult to refuse a man credit for physical courage when he has crawled along a drain pipe to steal the cubs from a wounded tigress.

When the war broke out again the following year—it is an annual event in those parts—he began to make a hobby of forlorn hopes and Light Brigade charges. He won the Victoria Cross within ten minutes of getting in touch with the enemy, and his name was mentioned so regularly in despatches that they used a rubber stamp to save trouble.

All this is easily explainable. Physical courage which is occasionally due to moral superiority is more often due to mental obtuseness—mere inability to appreciate danger. The bullet that hit him on the head damaged his intellectual outfit in such a way that it changed his character for the better. There are many people who might, with advantage, be shot in the head on the chance of this happening.

It is the law of Nature that a man can never do anything without overdoing it, and this man had no sooner made himself a name for bravery both as a tiger hunter and a soldier than he decided to go one better and push courage to the verge of rashness. He decided to get married.

His reputation, however, had made him such a ladies' pet that he found that although girls were more plentiful than tigers he could not find one to suit him. If he had been in England he would have left the money question to settle the matter, but, being in the superstitious East, he consulted a Holy Man who lived in the neighboring jungle

and had a vast reputation as a sorcerer. He put the facts of the case before the Man of Magic and asked his advice.

The Wizard extracted the last rupee that he could get and then said:

"Travel alone through this forest until you come to the mountains; climb the precipices until you come to the deserted city that is peopled by demons; go through the city and over the crest of the mountain and descend the other side until you reach the swamps where the poisonous serpents live, and beyond that you will come to a pleasant land where you will find the maiden that Heaven has selected for you."

The man went home and had a good night's rest and started the next morning before sunrise. His adventures were of a most heart-rending and blood-curdling description. He rather enjoyed the forest which was full of tigers, but the mountains nearly broke his heart—and his neck. The haunted city scared him to death—his kind of courage was no good against supernatural beings that didn't exist—and he was glad to get to the swamps among the puff-adders and scorpions. Then he came to a pleasant country, and one day as he was marching along he came to a placid lake on which floated serenely a small boat in which a girl, more beautiful than the day, was reclining gracefully, reading a novel and eating chocolate creams.

He sent up a paean of praise to the skill of the hermit who had sent him there (he had spent most of his time on the journey in cursing that aged man), and advanced towards the boat. The girl was rather frightened at first, for he had lost the spick and span appearance of the military officer and looked like a tramp, but she scrambled gracefully from the boat to the shore (which is a thing no girl ever did gracefully, except in a story) and investigated him. Then she invited him to go with her and see her father who was a Colonel and lived in a bungalow not far away.

He had already seen from a distance that she was beautiful. When they began their walk home, he saw that she was charming; before they were half way there, he found out that she was intelligent and amiable and, by the end of the journey, he was in love. He could not get away from the impression that he had seen her before and concluded that it was in some previous incarnation and that she had been destined for him since the Beginning of Things.

The Colonel received him graciously and lent him an old suit, and after he had a bath and a shave, the girl looked upon him and found that he was eligible. He took her for strolls through the forest glades and by the brimming river, telling her all about the awful journey he made in order to find her, and falling deeper and deeper in love every hour of the day. When he spoke to the Colonel about it he was promised that the matter should have every consideration, and then he said it was time for him to be getting back to his quarters again.

"Shall I drive you over?" said the Colonel.



A WARM AFTERNOON IN PARADISE

"Drive? Up those mountains?"

"No, by the road."

"What road?"

"The road. There is only one. It is about four miles."

"Forty miles, you mean."

"The way you came, yes. But it is only about four miles by the highroad. Didn't you know?"

The man struggled for breath.

"Your line of travel, traced upon a map, would be about the shape of a bicycle tire after a bad accident, but if you had kept on it would have brought you back to the place you started from."

As soon as he recovered the power of speech, the man asked to be driven back at once. On the way he suddenly remembered that he had seen that girl in a ballroom and not in a previous incarnation.

He wasted no time, but borrowed a horse-whip and went off to interview that hermit. In vain. The anchorite quoted a few sentences from the Atharvaveda and had him hypnotized, hand and foot, before he had time to get to the really bad words.

"My son," said the old man, surveying him tranquilly, "if I had simply told you that the daughter of a military man, stationed a few miles away, would make you a suitable wife, you would have wanted your money back, and no

professor of the Occult ever countenances that. A passage perilous maketh any port pleasant, and it is the treasure that is not gained without care that is treasured carefully. If every man had to go through the tribulation that you have endured, before he could get him a wife, there would be few unhappy marriages—for most men would have sense enough to drop the idea at once. Go hence and ponder these things."

W. J. Clarke.



AT THE MOTHERS' CLUB

Imported Speaker: AND CHILDREN SHOULD NEVER BE ALLOWED TO PLAY IN THE WATER

The Deathless Age

THIS deathless age we live in! We shall never
See its full glory or its far-flung fame.
We live too close to all its roughness, ever!
Our eyes are blinded by some transient shame.

We do not see above its muddy trenches,
We toilers in its turgid atmosphere;
Like cobblers cramped upon their grimy benches,
We dwell in shadows, not in sunlight clear.

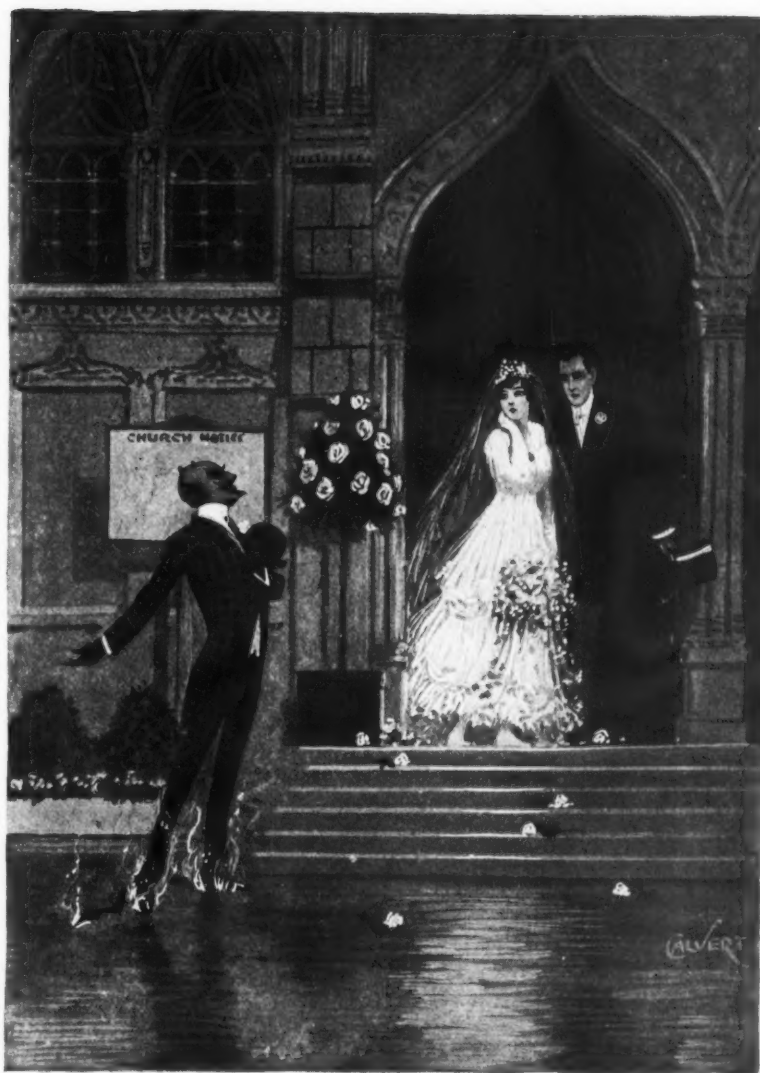
The Greeks dreamed not the forms they built were deathless;
They builded far, far better than they knew.
In future years, oh, many will stand breathless,
The ancient beauties of to-day on view.

We talk of Art as something long departed,
And Man as of some creature in decay;
We judge our wonder-deeds with praise half-hearted,
And brush their greatness cynically away.

We do not see that Art is ever springing
Up from the earth in forms quite new and strange;
Our ears are dulled by clang of hammers ringing,
And shouts of brokers on the great Exchange.



WILLIE'S IDEA OF A GERM



Startled Groom: AND WHO ARE YOU?
"I AM THE PATRON SAINT OF NEW YORK"

What instrument is this? I hear one saying.

A telephone? No man would call that Art.

A biplane poised in air above is swaying:

Material things, we think, that have no heart.

Yet men lay down their lives with smiling faces,

In numbers yet undreamed of—and for what?

That others may step in to fill their places

And die like them: upon the selfsame spot?

No! Not for this! For something deep, undying,

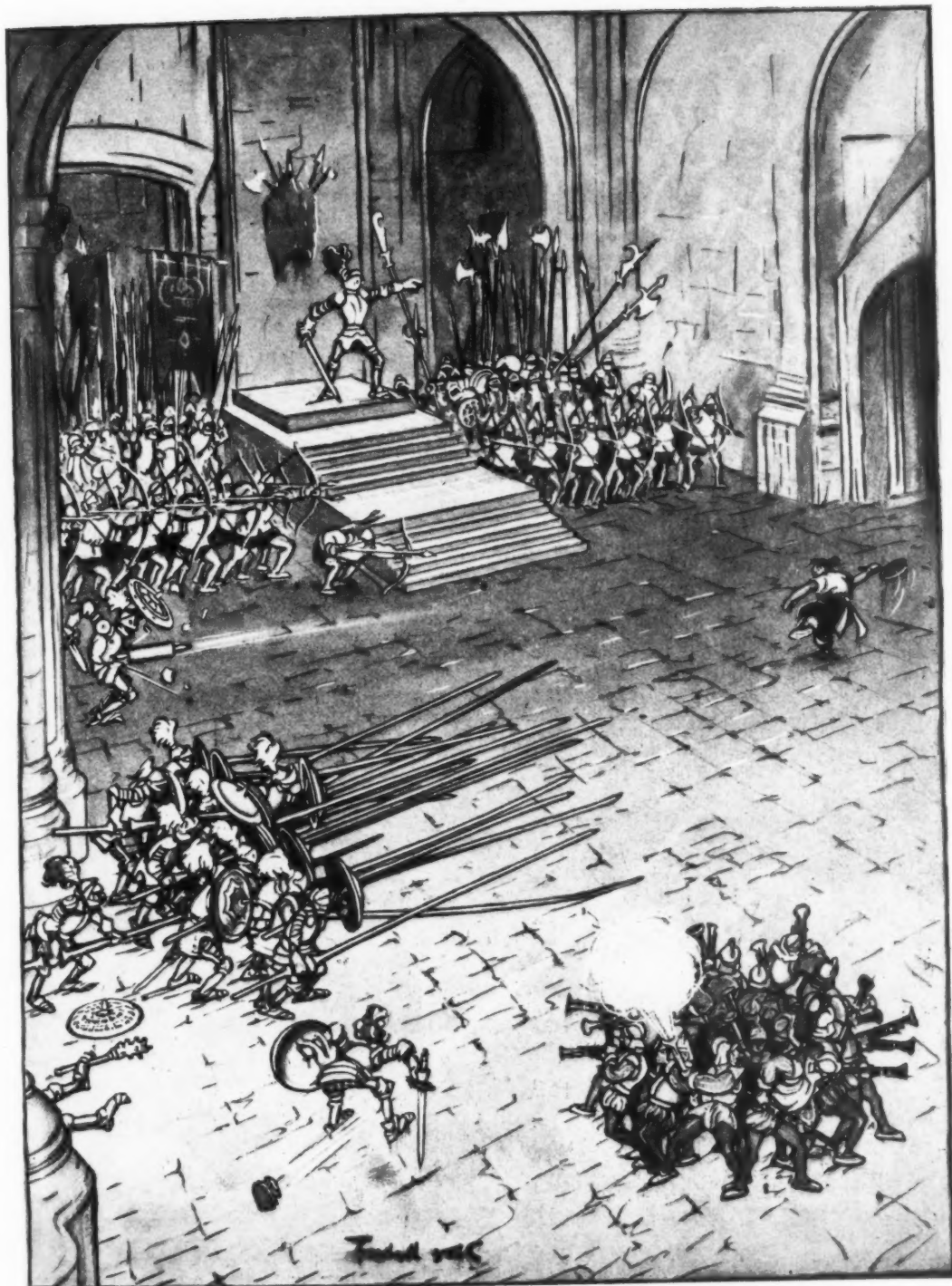
For something mortal eyes can never see.

Is it for God or Art that men are lying

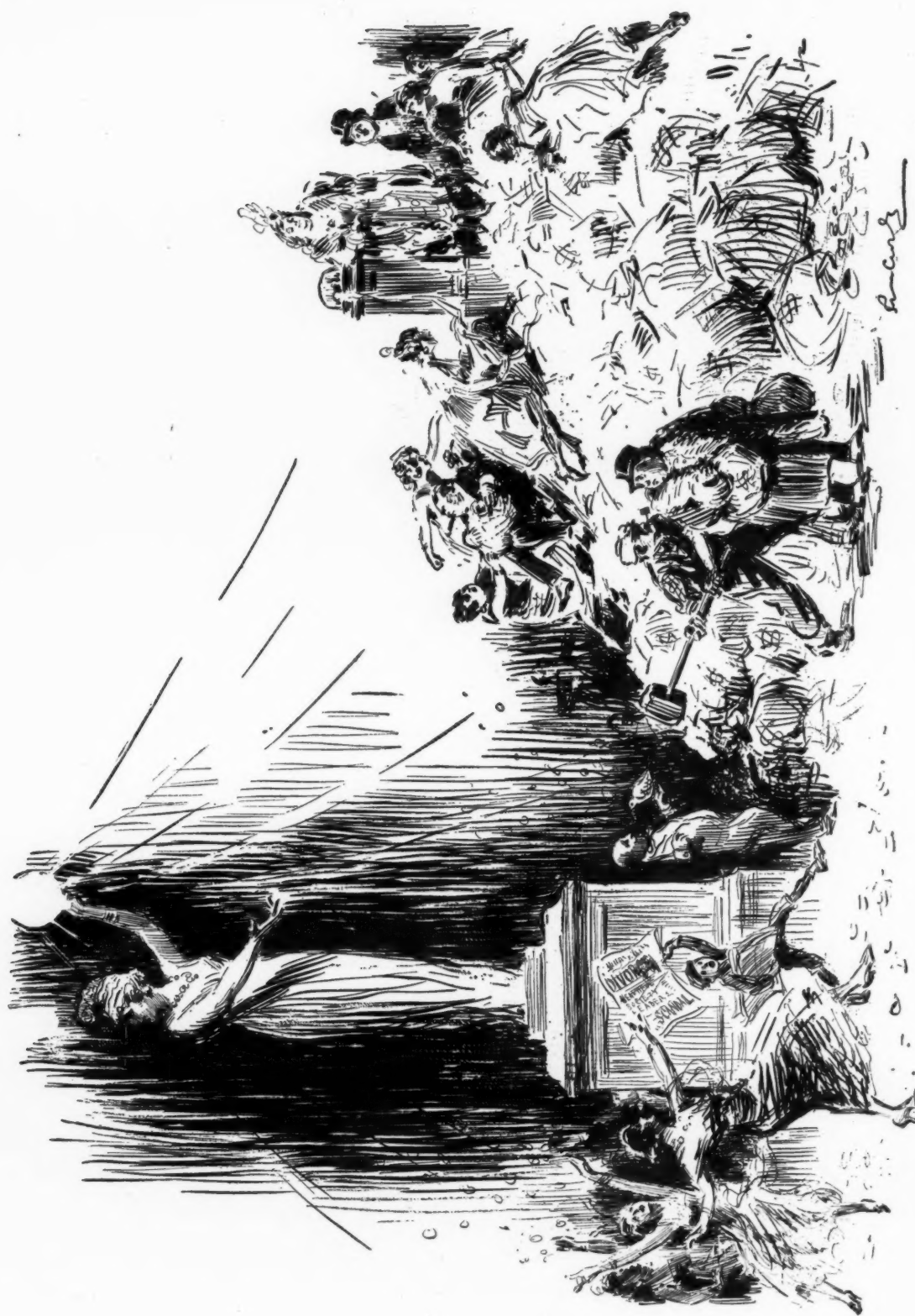
With sightless eyes—is it for Me or Thee?



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYS
STANDING OFF THE INSTALLMENT COLLECTOR



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYS
DYSCHARGYNG YE COOKE



LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD



"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME"

The High Cost of Living

(With Apologies to Lewis Carroll)

HE thought he saw some venison made into a ragout;
He looked again and saw it was a veg-e-table stew.
"It's all that I could find," she said, "you've got to make it do."

He thought he saw a sirloin steak, with onions thickly spread;

He looked again and saw it was a loaf of baker's bread.
"It's smaller than it used to be, but yet it's fresh," she said.

He thought he saw a roasting duck—the vision made him shriek;

He looked again and saw it was two drum-sticks and a beak.

"We ought to eat them now," she said, "I saved them from last week."

He thought he saw a steaming dish, heaped high with pork and beans;

He looked again and saw it was some dandelion greens.
"I picked them in the yard," she said, "they're quite within our means."

He thought he saw upon his plate an omelet soufflé;
He looked again and saw it was a little heap of hay.
"Come, won't you pass your plate again?" He loudly answered, "Neigh."

Burges-Johnson.

"HE'S a Member of Congress, isn't he?"

"Sh! His family have asked not to have it mentioned."

Mexico's Magnificent Menu

MEXICO has a very fine, new, modern constitution, which assures Mexicans everything from representative government to the eight hour day.

The trouble is that it is so much too much like a Waldorf bill-of-fare at a railroad lunch counter. The dishes that are ready on the Mexican board are sinkers, beans and coffee, as heretofore, with ham and eggs to order if the train stops long enough.

"PAPA, when will we know that we are at war?"
"When President Wilson is too proud to write."



"OH, MOTHER! MRS. THOMAS HAS A NEW BABY! YOU AREN'T GOING TO LET THEM GET AHEAD OF US, ARE YOU?"



WHY THE TOWN WENT DRY

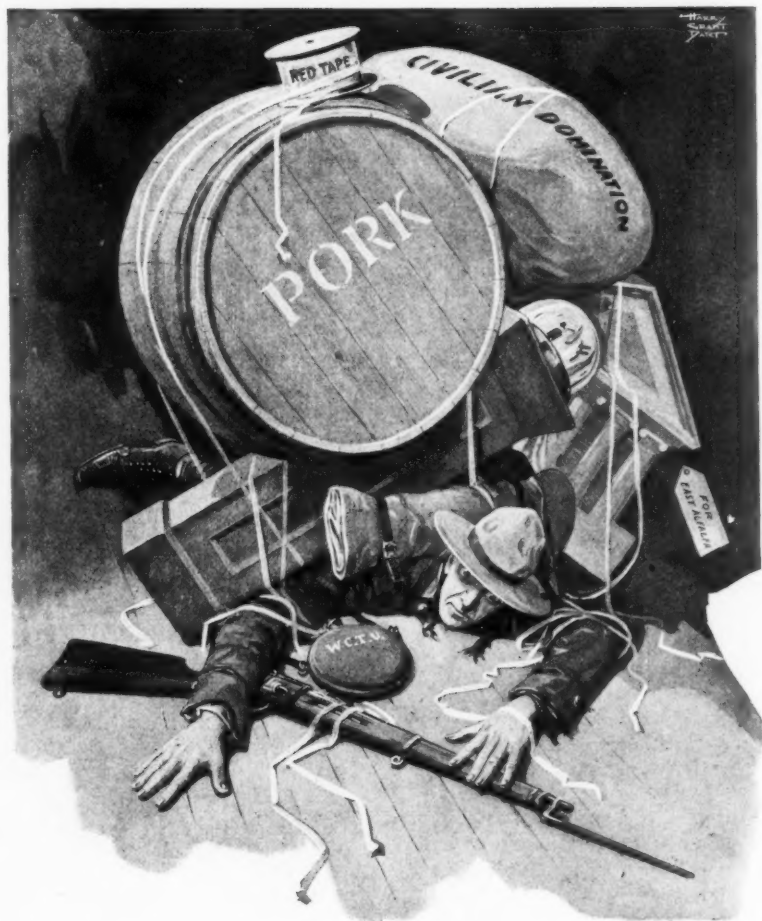
An Easter Sermon

DEARLY BELOVED: Although this is Easter Day, I have decided not to preach on the Resurrection or any other Scriptural topic. Instead I am going to tell you just what I think of you.

Judging from the wanton extravagance of your clothes, and the extreme hauteur of your bearing, I conclude that you are too vain and too proud to hear the Word of God. The frivolous way you whisper to your neighbors makes me think you don't know that you are in church. The bored expression on your faces is a sure sign that the message of the Gospel does not interest you in the least, and that you are very anxious to get out of here just as soon as possible. I have especial contempt for those among you who do not hesitate to go to sleep in the House of God. Very probably you will put an unusual amount in the collection box to-day, but I warn you that you can never hope to enter heaven by the money route. When the service is over, please don't come to me with insincere and lying compliments on my sermon; nor do I expect that you will be so charitable as to refrain from criticising it amongst yourselves.

May the Almighty Father overlook your outer shams and inner vices, and in the greatness of His mercy infuse a spark of piety into your hearts, so that in time you may learn to take religion seriously and to break away from your favorite follies. Amen.

Edmund J. Kiefer.



OUR STANDING ARMY



"COME, LET'S KISS AND MAKE UP"



APRIL 5, 1917.

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*VOL. 69
No. 1797Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

English Offices, Rolls House, Breems Bldgs., London, E. C.



EVEN when so much is doing and new crackers pop every morning, let us not forget Belgium.

Americans have been withdrawn from food distribution in that country, but food is still being distributed. The Dutch and other neutrals are attending to that. But the food comes from here, and it is our part to keep on sending it, and to continue to provide funds to pay for it, in so far as we can raise them. When we get into the war—if we do—possibly Congress will put its shoulder to this wheel. If it would vote, say, a hundred and fifty millions to feed the Belgians it would relieve France and England of that much burden, and piece out appropriately what has already been done by our people. Americans have done a great part of the work of Belgian relief, and have done it admirably. But they have not been able to furnish much of the money. Put in the money now, and correct the proportions of this appealing edifice of benevolence!

And then there is France!

The proposal to provide a billion dollars for her is very attractive. It seems as if everybody wanted it done. But Congress will have to vote it, and Congress will want to know how its constituents think about it, and that leaves us just hoping for the best, as we always must when it is a case of constituents.

It is remarked that the people who want to give away our money in Europe are the people who will be the

heaviest payers of the taxes that our disbursements will involve. One might naturally expect it to be the other way; that the poor would want to give and the rich would hang back. But it has not been so in this country in this war. The war relief money has come, in the main, from folks who had money, and not from the mass of the people. The revenues of the rich have gone into the ambulance service, and all such concerns. The nickels of the poor haven't rolled in much. The reason, probably is that people who have money acquire the habit of using it, and capacity to measure situations and emergencies in dollars. Bankers who think in large sums have entirely different ideas about money from ordinary people. Bankers know that money must work, and they are always for making it do something, whereas for ordinary people the great virtue connected with money is not to spend it. Congress, however, when it gets a running start, can spend money to beat the bankers, and if it gets into the war and gets interested, perhaps it will see timely and proper fields of investment in Belgian relief and the succor of France.



COMPLAINT is made that this department of LIFE is deficient in indignation. The times, the complainant says, call for far more indignation than we provide.

No doubt that is true. The complaint comes from a recent biographer of Garrison. Garrison was a specialist in indignation. He howled, execrated, quoted Scripture, and boiled over for about thirty years, cursing out slavery, and getting dilatory people stirred up to put an end to it. He had great gifts and he used them wonderfully. Nevertheless, when he had done his bit to get the country into war he subsided. He didn't like war, and didn't approve of it. He left that end of the enterprise to Lincoln.

It is not given to everybody to be a great diffuser of indignation. Neither do all situations call for it. In the present situation indignation is the great German product. They have planted it in the minds of all observers of their aims and methods, and keep stirring it up and making it grow. Anyone who tries to be as indignant with the Germans as their proceedings warrant is in danger of spending all his strength in that line of activity, and having none left for other things. Consider the looting of the territory recently abandoned in France, and the carrying off of so many people, and especially so many women! Can one do justice to these things with a divided attention?

The war is too big for indignation to do much any more. It calls now for doggedness. It calls on us, not to spend our breath cursing out the Germans, but to push our President; to do all we can to get into the war and put our weight on the right side; to get Congress to spend our money where it will do good; to get the great American machine geared up to the world-conflict and make it do its work. We have had indignation. We have it in stock; have it amply. The Germans are sure to punch it up with hot irons and keep it active to the end. What we want is works meet for it; armies, navies, efforts, expenditures, sacrifices, all for the rescue and regeneration of mankind, and of ourselves as a part of it.

Indignation is useful as a great preliminary and incentive to action. We have had it. We have got it. What we want now is action.

We are going to find out now whether President Wilson can fight.



Democracy: STEP LIVELY, PLEASE!

The *Evening Post's* Washington oracle, Mr. Lawrence, pictures him as wrestling with a decision that may affect American life for centuries to come, and give a precedent for interference by European powers with the affairs of this hemisphere.

But neither Mr. Wilson nor anyone else can tell anything about "centuries to come" or what effect his decision about getting into this war will have on them. Staying out of it is likely to have quite as much effect on future centuries as getting in, and is just as likely to invite future interference from Europe with American concerns.

Better leave future centuries out of the game, Mr. Lawrence. What is right now will be right then; what is wrong now will make trouble then. We are going to get mixed up with

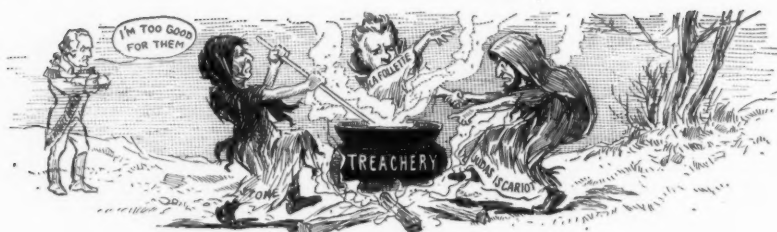
Europe anyhow. Mr. Wilson himself thinks so, and has said so. Moreover, it will do us good. Mr. Wilson himself shows the profits and loss of leading too secluded a life. He has not rubbed much against other people. He has had few familiars, and not many companions. He thinks straighter for it, but acts with more difficulty. Every man's private opinions are modified by contact with other men when he gets among them. His prejudices soften; the things he has been saying to himself are affected by what they say; he is humanized.

So it is with us and Europe. We have been huddled off here by ourselves, thinking mainly of our own matters and how to get rich, and regarding Europe as a corrupted continent only suitable to frequent when we needed rest or education,

or could afford to have a good time.

But almost all the civilization we have come from Europe, and more has been made there since we left than here. We have gained something by isolation, and lost much. We have developed and tried out political ideas better than could have been done there, and have exhibited them in practice to the world. And individual energy and ingenuity have had a better chance here in various lines than there, and have done wonders. But we have plenty to learn from Europe about living, and are in the way to learn it.

It is a wonderful world that is coming. Mr. Wilson's decisions may help it on a little, or hinder it a little, but it will come anyway. Mr. Wilson is hardly so potent an arbiter of human destinies as Mr. Lawrence imagines.

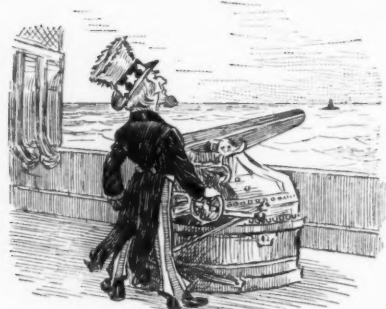


"WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?"

March



TOTTERING THRONES



FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED



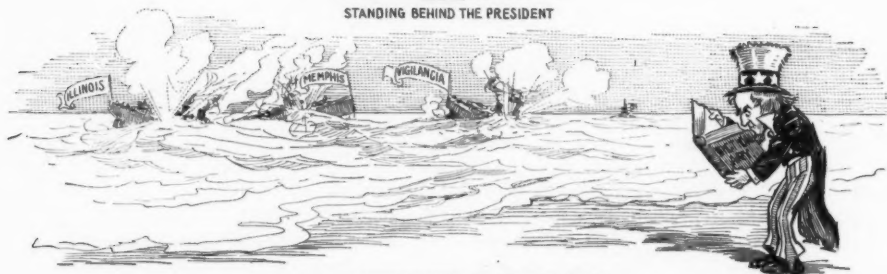
THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA



STANDING BEHIND THE PRESIDENT



HE DIDN'T SCARE A LITTLE BIT



WHAT CONSTITUTES AN OVERT ACT?

· LIFE ·

Easter Song

NOW that the season of sackcloth has passed again,
And for a twelvemonth we shan't have to fast again,
Although the atmosphere doesn't feel summery,
Lo, what a flutter and flurry of flummery!
Such a fine subject for song and for sonneting,—
Bevies of belles with their beaux and their bonneting!

Every one cheery and every one chattery;
Catches of compliment, fragments of flattery!
Yonder a graceful gown; yonder a pretty coat;
Shimmer of hosiery, glimmer of petticoat!
Blue in the Easter skies, and such a stir below;—
Blending of folly and foible and furbelow!

All the old vernal and virginal miracle;
Shall we not join in the joy that is lyrical?—
Find in our hearts (though this may be a platitude)
Something of graciousness, something of gratitude;
Seeing, while doubtless there's much to be sad about,
That there is more in the world to be glad about!

Clinton Scollard.

Dining Distractions

A DINNER party is a miscellaneous collection of people, assembled at an hour when they have either lost whatever appetite they ever had, or wish they had afterwards.

The chief characteristics of a dinner party are: An unhappy hostess who simulates effusiveness; a number of weary men, married or otherwise encumbered, who would rather be asleep; an equal number of ladies who only touch one course, and the absence of the host himself.

It is always a wise precaution to arrive about forty minutes later than the specified hour. No one is ever, by any possibility, on time, and in this manner you not only escape a tiresome conversation with your hostess, but present a more effective entrance to the assembled company.

Cocktails are usually served in the drawing-room during that terrible suspense of preparing for the worst. By skilful manoeuvring, one may appear in various parts of the room, thus successfully securing sufficient stimulation to undergo the ordeal of dinner.

It is frequently a puzzling problem to deal tactfully with the lady on either side of you. The safest rule is to convince her that you are clever if she is pretty. If not, convince her she is clever.

Many courses are served nowadays merely as a matter of form, but under no circumstances are they expected to be touched. Do not, therefore, attempt to spear the rosy peach you discover before you. It is frequently of a concrete composition, and will only injure the fork.

Some dinners are quite incapable of being survived with any degree of comfort. This is often obvious from the start. In such cases the proper method of procedure is as follows: Slip the butler a bill, telling him to "throw a fit" or to create some similar disturbance. During the con-



A VICTIM OF CHARITY

fusion you slide from your chair unobserved, and noiselessly glide from the room.

When the dinner has been ultimately undergone, and you wander hopelessly into the smoking room, do not demand a liqueur from the first man you may see. It is frequently the host himself, who has just returned from his club, where he has dined and wine to his complete satisfaction.

Upon the completion of the mock expression of thanks, "good nights," etc., if one of the guests kindly offers to "drop" you at your house, it is well to make certain that his residence is further than your own. Otherwise the chances are that you pay for the cab.

At the Asylum

"WHAT'S the matter with him—thinks he's God, doesn't he?"

"Oh, no. His malady is progressive. That was yesterday. Now he thinks he's the Kaiser."

·LIFE·





“Have a Star, Dear”

· LIFE ·

Baedeker's Opera

PREFACE—When touring without Cook's through the Opera country this little handbook will enable the traveller more thoroughly to appreciate the surroundings—to know when to clap, when to yawn, when to chat, and when to outstare your neighbors.

Parterre Boxes—An opportunity to be seen and heard, but not to listen.

Subscribers are earnestly requested by the management not to arrive before the performance is more than half over. An earlier entrance betrays an unrefined interest in music.

Persiflage and *demi-tasse* repartee begun at dinner should not be disposed by the music. At no time is one artless enough to betray that he is aware anyone is singing.

Grand Tier Boxes—Paquin's and Worth's finest creations on very carelessly chosen models. The gowns are designed to distract the audience from the tragedy.

A discussion of the latest musical comedy frequently whiles away the tedious waits while the house is darkened and the stage alone is lit. Immediately on the fall of the curtain one's nodding husband is prodded upright. After the orchestra stalls have been dismissed with a glance one's gold lorgnette is trained steadily on one's betters in the parterre boxes. Under no circumstances is one guilty of the social indiscretion of gazing at the dress circle.

Orchestra—A place to leave your hat and coat while smoking a cigarette in the foyer.

When the orchestra starts an ill-mannered crashing to indicate the approach of a finale, the gentlemen arise and adjust their silk toppers. Then in unison they walk briskly down the aisle, tapping cigarettes on monogrammed cases.

On the descent of the curtain the ladies raise their hands aloft in the attitude of prayer, simultaneously bringing the palms together sharply in quick succession. This is supposed to register pleasure that the act is over.

Dress Circle—So called because no one dresses—except in high necks and plaid cravats.

Reading aloud from the libretto in

English the phrases the prima donna—you have to take the word of the book for it—is singing in French and Italian is the part of every True Listener.

A favorite diversion from the tedium of listening to the music is a discussion of Operas You Have Known, relating how *divinely* Mischa Elman sang the "Te Deum" in "Faust," or John McCormack rendered the "Jewel Song" in "Manon."

Balcony—A refined place for suburbanites to wait for trains. The favorite pastime is explaining the plot in a stage whisper, thus:

"There's *Leander* now. He's in love with *Leonora*. That fat one in the green tights is the villain, *Loretto*. They're going to have a fight."

Commuters' timetables are interposed frequently between the features and the stage during the second act. Chapeaux are then adjusted and gloves smoothed into place. At the climax of the death scene the women arise, dumping from their laps pocketbooks, umbrellas, programmes, handkerchiefs, and bundles amassed in the afternoon's shopping. Hattie is beseeched to

hasten, as the scramble up the aisle is in progress, lest the 10:51 be irretrievably lost.

Family Circle—The spot where one hisses the applause and applauds the hisses.

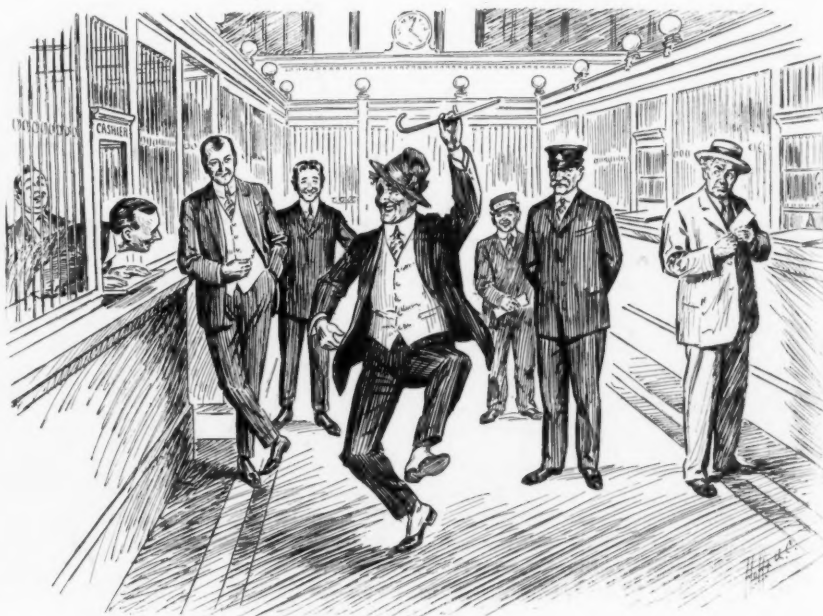
The appearance of the conductor at any time is the signal for rounds of clapping from all those who wish to prove that they are educated to distinguish a conductor from a first violinist. With each shift of the conductor's weather vane he of the billowing locks and unstinted tie says, *sotto voce*, to the girl with the bobbed hair girded by a filet:

"Ah! The Swansdown motif," or, "This staccato movement heralds the entrance of *Ziegfeld*."

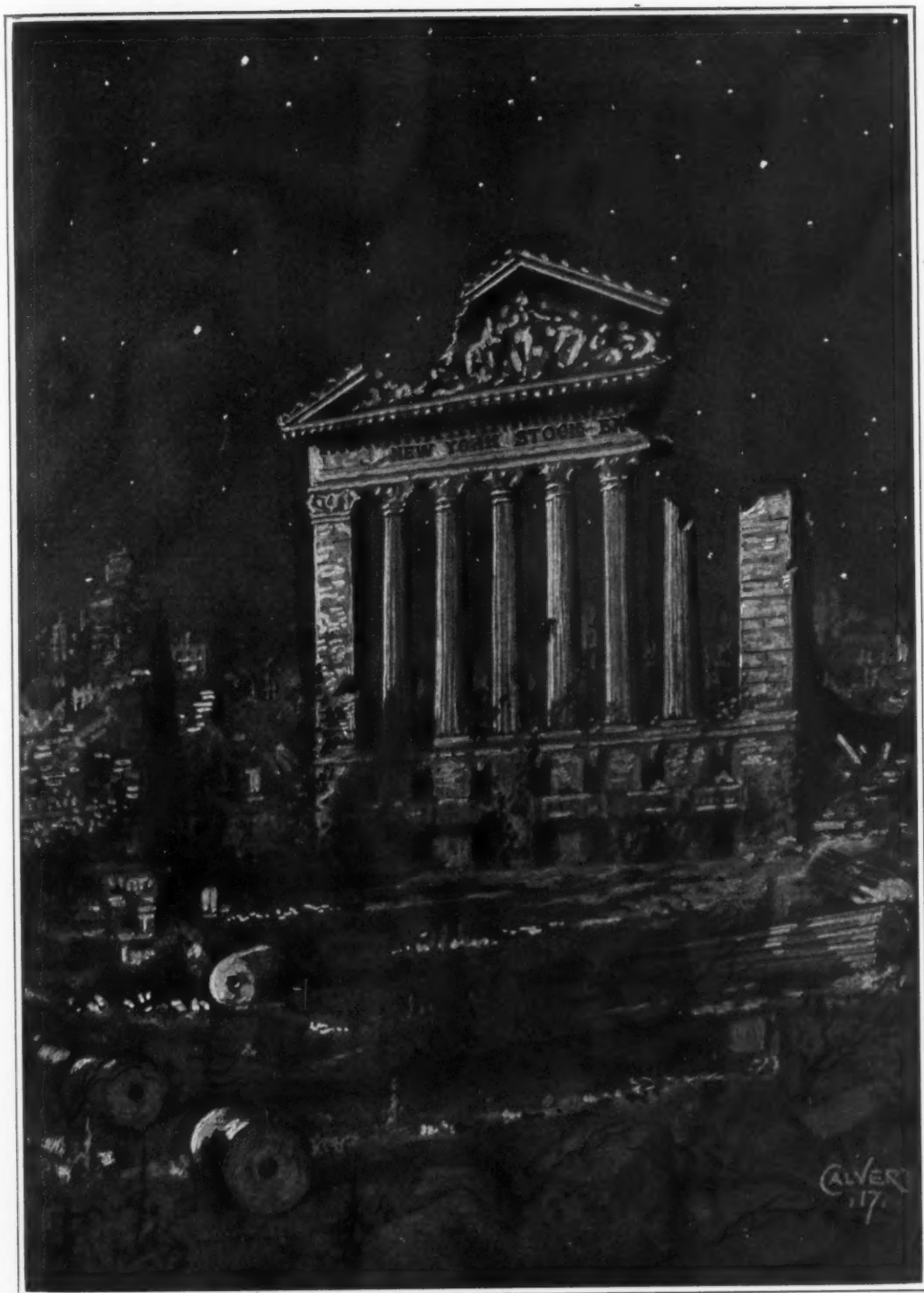
After the curtain fall, if the shouts of "*Brav-O*," "*Beese*" and "*On Coore*" are sufficiently persistent, the singers are compelled to come out in front in an attempt to quell the disturbance. This is styled a curtain call.

Every bit of temperament that one owns or can borrow is worn at each performance.

Edward S. Morse.



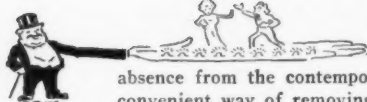
SNAP-SHOT OF A MOVING-PICTURE COMEDIAN WHO HAS BEEN TOLD HE MUST BE IDENTIFIED



HOW SOON?



Quite an International Array



COLD pizen is rather refreshing as an old-fashioned dramatic pick-me-up after its long absence from the contemporary stage. It used to be such a convenient way of removing characters from the plot that its employment became hackneyed, and now it comes back to us as something of a novelty. The particular brand of poison essential in "The Case of Lady Camber" is a new one, but it cannot be named here, for although it was mentioned repeatedly during the play the faulty enunciation fashionable with the present generation of players made it impossible for the audience to hear just what it was.

However, that is immaterial. It was efficacious in the case of poor Lady Camber, or rather the fact that it wasn't used at all was efficacious in clearing up the love affairs of the doctor who discovered it and the pretty nurse who was suspected of administering it. The nameless poison was made ingeniously effective as a dramatic resource, although it was handled a bit too obviously.



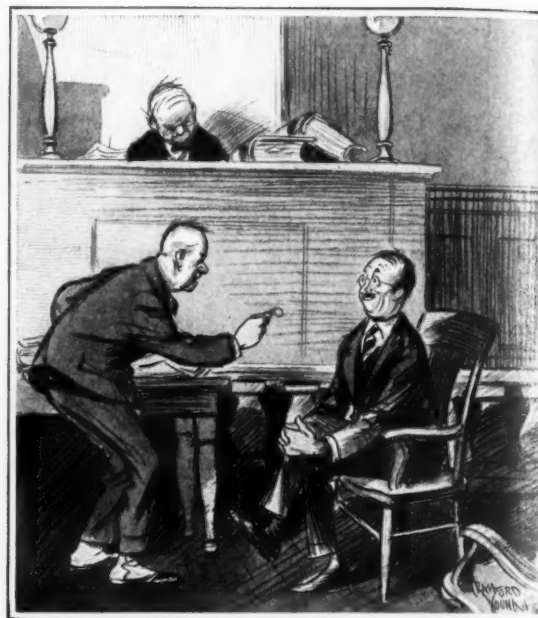
"THE Case of Lady Camber" is, in the dramatic or melodramatic sense, the strongest English society play that has come to us of late. We have others more odoriferous, but this one does not rely on smart talk and risky situations for its appeal. It has a story to tell, and tells it with cumulative interest even through the fourth act. The cast is an excellent one, evenly balanced and without a weak spot. Every member deserves special commendation, for which there is not space here, and the smoothness of the performance under the direction of Mr. Iden Payne brings back memories of the days when New York had thoroughly trained stock companies.

Persons who like a play with a plot, and performed well by good actors, are bound to find a full evening's enjoyment in "The Case of Lady Camber." It will not satisfy the cravings of high-brows, symbolists, feminists, pacifists, uplifters, socialists, prison-reformers, sex students, mysticists, medical propagandists, suffragists and others who feel that a play is not a play unless it ministers to their own particular fads.



IF Ireland is ever free, allowing that it isn't free now, it will be a tremendous misfortune to the authors of Irish plays and operettas. Even that experienced team, Messrs. Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom, went in for the old bunk, with the result that the shades of Dion Boucicault, Barney Williams, Joseph Murphy and Billy Scanlan, to say nothing of the surviving Chauncey Olcott, seem to be hovering around the presentation of "Eileen."

In spite of its threadbare theme and the introduction of all the well-known characters and tricks, Messrs. Herbert and



Witness (being cross-examined): IT IS USELESS TO TRY TO CONFOUND ME WITH QUESTIONS, SIR. I'M THE FATHER OF FIVE CHILDREN

Blossom are so expert in their line that in "Eileen" they have given us a real comic opera instead of the girl-and-music show that so often passes under that name. Mr. Herbert is more at home with music of Irish characteristics than Mr. Blossom is with Irish humor, but the latter has contributed some excellent lyrics for the composer's delightful settings. He has even developed a new type of comedian, realized by Mr. Algernon Greig as Sir Reggie Stribling, the English nobleman inevitable in Irish comedy as we know it best. Even the name of Scanlan is not wanting to the cast, the young Irish hero being creditably sung by a nephew of the late popular comedian.

This continent has been pretty thoroughly "fed up" with Irish comedy, musical and other, but Mr. Joe Weber has given "Eileen" a good cast and fine production, so that in its entirety even the jaded ones are bound to find the piece very satisfactory entertainment in the way of light music.



IF wife-beating ever becomes a popular pastime in America, plays like "Nju" and "The Fugitive" will indirectly bear part of the responsibility. Mr. Dymow, the Russian, and Mr. Galsworthy, the Englishman, both enshrine the neurotic, discontented wife as the heroine of their plays. They do not exactly glorify her, but they encourage the not uncommon type by ministering to the delusion that such women are as interesting to other persons as they are to themselves, and that they are really not to blame in not knowing when they are well off.

In both plays the type is well drawn and the careers of the women are brought logically to unhappy endings. To justify

their
vanc
or e
tion
gence
bands
there
under
there
lish
his w
than
this w
gest
Alth
have
usual
ting,
many
as th



ers.
sandw



Comic
Ban
See a
Bols
Bluc
of the
ships
Boo
cessfu
and w
aspects
Cost
etta o
ing.
Cen
theatr
music
Ch
by M
Char
Jap
Con
New
Cen
Mrs.
pict
life el
Citi
Laugh
way w
easter
Fiti
Max
tures
workin
Em
Kiss
its ha
slavery
Fort

their stage eminence neither author advances any theory for their reformation or extinction. The only real demonstration seems to be that the modern indulgence of silly wives by affectionate husbands brings bad consequences, but that there is no remedy. In both cases the underlying suggestion seems to be that there was justification for the old English law which permitted a man to whip his wife if he used a stick no thicker than his thumb. A fair inference from this would be that the men with the biggest thumbs had the best wives.

Although Messrs. Ordynski and Urban have taken pains to give us a play of unusual construction and in an unusual setting, the result is not likely to make very many persons go so far out of their way as the Bandbox Theatre.



FUN and gloom, as usual, furnish the contrasting layers of the new bill offered by the Washington Square Players. The gloom in the middle of the sandwich is "The Poor Fool," trans-

lated from the German of Hermann Bahr. All the world is wondering at the Germans' character, and not the least to wonder at is the possibility of their enjoying the gloomy plays we get from Germany. "The Poor Fool" is a choice little sample, with its principal characters a dying plutocrat, his thief brother and his insane brother. The redeeming feature of the performance is that these three were admirably played by Messrs. Hohl, Roeder and Ruben.

A delightful spirit was shown in the acting of a Molière farce called "Sgnarelle." A large part of the good quality of this interesting revival from the past was its clever translation by Mr. Moeller.

Right in the mode of the Players was Mr. Massey's "Plots and Playwrights." It was a broad satire on the present-day methods of handling dramatic material by dramatists and actors. All the standbys in the organization had congenial rôles, and handled them with a surety not to be found in the earlier performances.

The present bill is one of the best the Players have offered, and both in matter and method should please even the average theatregoer—if there is such a person. *Metcalf.*



Astor.—"Her Soldier Boy." Comic operetta, tuneful and agreeably done. **Bandbox.**—"Nju," by Mr. Ossip Dymow. See above.

Belasco.—Frances Starr in "Little Lady in Blue." Clean and well acted little comedy of the time when England had real sailing ships and real sailors.

Booth.—Mr. William Gillette in "A Successful Calamity," by Clare Kummer. Bright and well staged comedy dealing with certain aspects of New York family life to-day.

Casino.—"You're in Love." Comic operetta of the usual type, well staged and diverting.

Century.—"The Century Girl." The big theatre and big stage given over to girl-and-music show of the customary kind.

Cohan and Harris's.—"The Willow Tree," by Messrs. Benrimo and Harrison Rhodes. Charming picturesque and poetic play in a Japanese setting.

Comedy.—The Washington Square Players. New bill. See above.

Cort.—"Upstairs and Down," by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton. Well staged farcical comedy picturing rather broadly a phase of American life claimed to be lived on Long Island.

Criterion.—"Johnny, Get Your Gun." Laughable farcical comedy dealing in a new way with the old theme of the westerner in eastern society.

Eltinge.—"Cheating Cheaters," by Mr. Max Marcin. Surprising and amusing adventures of two competing gangs of criminals working in the same territory.

Empire.—Maude Adams in Barrie's "A Kiss for Cinderella." Dream comedy with its basis the fancies of a whimsical London slavey. Well done and interesting.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Joan the Woman"

in moving-picture demonstration, with Geraldine Farrar as the star. The career of Joan of Arc modified to make a movie play and embellished with stirring battle scenes.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Thirteenth Chair," by Mr. Bayard Veiller. Mystery melodrama well staged and piquing the curiosity of the spectator to the very end.

Fulton.—"Pals First," by Mr. Lee Wilson Dodd. Southern romance with hoboes for its most interesting characters. Well played and diverting.

Gaiety.—"Turn to the Right," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and John E. Hazzard. Highly amusing adventures of prison graduates reformed by a stay in virtuous rural surroundings.

Garrick.—"Magic," by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and "The Little Man," by Mr. John Galsworthy. Stage efforts of more literary pretentiousness than dramatic accomplishment.

Globe.—Laurette Taylor in "Out There," by Mr. Hartley Manners. Notice later.

Harris.—"The Brat" with Maude Fulton. Elementary but diverting light comedy with its heroine a street waif in the surroundings of wealth.

Hippodrome.—"The Big Show." Spectacle, ballet, vaudeville, together with aquatic and skating carnival in generous quantity.

Hudson.—"Our Bidders," by Mr. Somerset Maugham. Imported society comedy with clever lines satirizing American title-hunters and over-bold in its situations.

Knickerbocker.—Mr. George Arliss in Barrie's "The Professor's Love Story." Whole-some sentimental comedy, clever and well done.

Liberty.—The Coburn Players in "The Yellow Jacket." Last week of the highly



"I'VE HAD ABOUT ENOUGH OF THAT!"

original and interesting Chinese symbolic drama.

Longacre.—Mr. William Collier in "Nothing But the Truth," by Mr. James Montgomery. Showing in humorous fashion how it hurts a Wall Street man to be compelled to tell the truth.

Lyceum.—"The Case of Lady Camber," by Mr. H. A. Vachell. See above.

Lyric.—"The Honor System." The prison reform argument in moving pictures.

Madison Square Garden.—The Barnum and Bailey Circus. Notice later.

Manhattan Opera House.—"The Wanderer," adapted from the German by Mr. Maurice V. Samuels. Elaborate and beautiful stage pictures illustrating drama based on the parable of the prodigal son.

Marine Elliott's.—"Love o' Mike." Tuneful and amusing short-range musical play.

Morosco.—"Canary Cottage." Musical farce, well staged and full of laughs.

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back," by Mr. J. E. Goodman. Intense drama based on the downward career and reform of a young American.

Princess.—"Oh, Boy." Very flippant but funny musical farce with a lot of pretty girls and good tunes.

Republic.—Jane Cowl in "Lilac Time." Pleasant and agreeably staged little romance of northern France in these days of military occupation.

Shubert.—"Eileen," by Messrs. Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom. See above.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Fugitive," by Mr. John Galsworthy. Photographic record of the downward career of a silly and discontented wife.

Winter Garden.—"The Show of Wonders." A stirring picture of the internal working of a submarine in war-time as the most interesting feature of a big girl-and-music show prepared for the t. b. m.

Only Part of the Help Needed



ANTOINE AND HENRIETTE
REGNEAULT, BABIES 795-6

IT would be interesting to know what proportion the eleven hundred French orphans helped by the generosity of LIFE's readers bear to the total number made fatherless and destitute by the war. The total figure is unobtainable, but it has been estimated in the hundreds of thousands, and the increase continues daily.

It will be seen, therefore, that the \$81,286.92, from which we have remitted 469,123.70 francs to Paris, is, in spite of the largeness of the amount, only a small part of what can be applied to this work of intelligent and sadly needed relief.

On page 610 of this issue of LIFE will be found the last of the names of the children that we have received from Paris together with the names of those who have contributed to their support. We are glad to acknowledge from

Giles Price Wetherill, Short Hills, N. J., for Baby No. 1078	\$73
Edgar W. Harris, Rockwood, Ontario, for Baby No. 1079	73
J. J. Round, Boston, Mass., for Baby No. 1080	73
Susan D. Griffith, New York City, for Baby No. 1081	73
Henry M. Rathvon, Casper, Wyoming, for Baby No. 1082	73
In memory of Jessie, Syracuse, N. Y., for Baby No. 1083	73
In memory of Duke, Syracuse, N. Y., for Baby No. 1084	73
J. A. Mitchell, New York City, for Babies Nos. 1085 and 1086	146
Tacoma Fine Arts Studio Club, Tacoma, Wash., for Baby No. 1087	73
Hays and Norman Holmes, Garden City, L. I., for Baby No. 1088	73
War Relief Committee of Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pa., for Baby No. 1089	73
Ernest C. Werner, New York City, for Baby No. 1090	73
Louise Paulsen, Bayocean, Ore., for Baby No. 1091	73
In memory of Isabel K. Hutchins, Wollaston, Mass., for Babies Nos. 1092 and 1093	146
M. N. Cleveland, Ohio, for Baby No. 1094	73
Mrs. William P. Schell, New York City, for Baby No. 1095	73
Raymond C. Ashby, Asheville, N. C., for Baby No. 1096	73
Mrs. J. R. Dorr, Francis B. Sayre, William C. Hart and Prof. Walter McLaren, Williamstown, Mass., for Baby No. 1097	73
Gustavus Ohlinger, Toledo, Ohio, on account	10
J. D. Galloway, San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 147-a	73



JEAN ROUSSEAU, BABY 437

FOR BABY NUMBER 1070

Already acknowledged	\$8.67
Mrs. William Lyon, Jackson, Mich.	1
J. J. Round, Boston, Mass.	2
Hardie Baugh, Ontario, Cal.	1
Ronald A. Newman, Long Beach, Cal.	20
Frank Beckwith, Delta, Utah.	1
"For Barbara," Birmingham, Ala.	1
	\$34.67

A contribution of seventy-three dollars provides that for two years a destitute French child, orphaned by the war, will be kept with its mother or relatives instead of being sent to a public institution, where its chances of survival are less than in a family environment. During this critical period in the child's life its welfare is looked after and the funds disbursed by "The Fatherless Children of France," an organization officered by eminent French men and women. The Society has committees in every part of France, who keep in touch with the children and supervise details of management. Contributions of less than seventy-three dollars are combined until they amount to the larger sum.

As fast as LIFE receives from the Society the names and addresses of the children and their mothers with particulars of the father's death and other information, these are communicated directly to the contributors for the care of each child. The full amount of the funds received by LIFE is put into French exchange at the most favorable rate and remitted to the Society with no deduction whatever for expenses. Checks should be made payable to the order of LIFE Publishing Company.



GUY LUX, BABY 304



CECILE AND HENRI LE PRINCE, BABIES 753 AND 754



AMONG THOSE PRESENT

Salutation

STAND UP! Let me present my Frenchman.
 Speak soft! A sometime gallant wench-man.
 Bow low! His wounded country's henchman.
 Hurrah! And give his hand a wrench, man.
 Hats off! All honor to the trench-man!

Henry Gaines Hawn.

The Necessity of Having Nerves

THE American people for a long time have been regularly accused of being over-nervous. Strangers alighting upon our shores with the desire of trying to find out what is the matter with us (and not finding out), in order to write books about us, have passed by our other obvious faults to remark that we are all too excitable. It is high time that the fallacy be exploded and that our nervous systems come into their own. Without the American nervous system there would be no Wall Street, no Billy Sunday, and no best-sellers. Remove from even an ordinary human being his nervous system and very little of value is left. Remove it from an American and he is hopelessly lost.

Upper and Lower

THERE are people who always occupy lower berths. And there are people who never sleep in anything else but upper berths. The upper-berthers are those who are always putting off things—who wait until the last minute, who change their minds—uncertain people without any plan. Or else they are people who have secured a lower berth, and give it up to the other one who appears to need it more. The lower-berthers are those who plan ahead, who always know exactly what they are going to do. Or else they are the ones who always manage at the last minute to get some unselfish upper-berther to change with them.

That is the difference between the lower-berthers and the upper-berthers.

But after all, the lower and upper-berthers are only a small part of the whole. Are not the real people those who sleep outside in the common coaches, and who, because they are all traveling together in the same way, do as much as they can to help one another out?

"WHO was Brigham Young?"

"Let's see. Didn't he found Newport?"



JUST SUPPOSE

First Critic: SUPPOSE MOTHER HUBBARD HAD FOUND A BONE IN THE CUPBOARD.

Second Critic: WELL?

"IT WOULD HAVE SPOILED THE POEM."

It Never Fails

Mr. Silas Pindexter has called a meeting of his creditors at his office at 4:30 P. M. on Friday, March 30th. Your presence is suggested as being highly desirable.

THIS card, personally received by forty men and firms with whom Mr. Pindexter had accounts, was read with astonishment. He had always paid his bills—if not promptly, at least regularly. He was a good customer, with a reputation for a certain amount of prosperity.

It is needless to remark, however, that all of these people or their representatives were on hand. Creditors are proverbially timid.

At 4:40 Mr. Pindexter entered the room where they were gathered. They made a respectable looking company, sitting around the edge of the room in chairs. Mr. Pindexter smiled, to relieve the tension.

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen," he said, urbanely. Yes, they were all there—the well-gowned dress-maker, the stolid grocer, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, the tailor, the doctor, the department-store representative, and all the rest.

Mr. Pindexter took his seat at a desk in the center of the room. Under his arm he carried a roll of bills. To each bill was pinned a check.

"My friends," he said, "it is not my purpose to cause you needless apprehension. I wouldn't harm anyone—least of all a creditor. And so I will



THE PACIFIST DR. JEKYLL—AND MR. HYPHEN



GREAT AMERICANS

MRS. R. GIDEON GAY, FAMOUS FOR HER IMPERSONATION OF EVE AT THE CHARITY TABLEAUX

get down to business. Here is your money. Each bill you will find is paid in full by the check attached. Much obliged to you for coming."

He began distributing the checks. A tall man arose.

"May I ask, sir, the object of your getting us here on this absurd errand? Of frightening us into the belief that you had had some disaster? Is this a joke?"

"Not at all," replied Mr. Pindexter, with a smile, as he completed the circle by handing over the last check, and returned to his chair. "My proceeding may be unconventional, but it is quite simple. For many years of my life I have been worried by the thought of my creditors. When I let my bills run too long you gentlemen have haunted me in the night. I made up my mind that I would get over this



GREAT AMERICANS

W. HELBENT LAWLESS, HOLDER OF THE AUTOMOBILE RECORD FOR
MAIMING PEDESTRIANS

feeling, if possible, by taking a good look at you. I believe in eliminating fear, which makes cowards of most of us. That's all. It's quite simple."

His creditors by this time had begun to group themselves about the tall man who had acted as spokesman. They were plainly disturbed. They had a whispered conversation. At last the tall man turned to Mr. Pindexter.

"I regret to inform you, sir, that we cannot extend to you any more credit. We want your trade, of course, but you must hereafter pay cash."

"Why?"

The tall man hesitated. He was slightly embarrassed.

"Well, sir," he replied, "to be honest with you, we don't like the look of this thing. We have to be careful of our accounts because of our slight

margin of profit. And we all agree that we can't afford to take chances with you."

"But I've just paid you in full."

"True. But if you have sent out such a notice this time just for a little joke, or whatever you call it, there's no telling what you may do in the future. Hope you won't be offended, but that's our unanimous decision."

Mr. Pindexter's face beamed.

"My friends," he exclaimed, "this is most extraordinary. I didn't quite know how this affair was coming out, but now I see that it couldn't have been otherwise. You had to do what you did. It's the eternal law."

"What law?" said the tall man.

"Why, the good old law that the moment you face your troubles they all disappear. My friends, thank God I shall never have occasion to see you again. Good morning."

"A Cataract of Thrones"

NO one has put the outlook into more vivid words than the "Englishman of high rank" quoted by a letter writer to the *New York Times*, who said, sadly, "I expect to see the war end in a cataract of thrones."

Since he wrote the Czar has taken the plunge.

Lucky King George, who has not far to drop in any case, and might live on comfortably as a British citizen even though his kingship was scrapped.

The case is much the same with the royal house of Italy, whose members would make excellent republicans if need arose.

The thrones that remain that would crash in coming down would be those in Germany and Austria. For those to go would be a change of government; for all the rest, nothing more than a change of fashion.

Convenience and sentiment have made Europe put much new wine of representative government in old bottles of royalty. The main trouble now is that so many of the bottles are German. The inconvenience of German kings, even as figure-heads, has been demonstrated, and if the Kaiser goes the whole shelfful of German bottles may be upset.

A Laundry Lay

WHEN I was young and lived by
rime,
A garret gave me sheltering;
'Twas bitter cold in winter time,
In August it was sweltering.

Upon my cuff I scrawled, one day,
A song of love, unmatched!
My cuffs were then, I blush to say,
The kind they call "detachable."

A stupid slavey seized the cuff
While 'round my garret maundering,
And sent it off with other stuff—
She thought it needed laundering!

But when my cuff, transported, came
Where clothes are made immaculate,
The maids, who read my words of
flame,
Did nothing but ejaculate:

"Seraphic!" "Ravishing!" "Divine!"
"Stupendous!" "Perfect!" "Glori-
ous!"
"Sublime!" "Bewitching!" "Super-
fine!"
"Extremely meritorious!"

The blue-eyed nymph that owned the
shop,—
A girl to lose your poise about,—
Exclaimed, "Why does the washing
stop,
And what is all this noise about?"

Yet, having scanned the lines I wrote,
Then cried the fair divinity,
"This troubadour of perfect note
I know is my Affinity!"

So now our joint establishment
Judiciously and seasonably
Will wash your cuff for just a cent,
Your other things as reasonably.

Arthur Guiterman.

Biology

"NOW, children, what is the earth
inhabited by?"

"Human beings."

"Correct. And, Willie Stone, into
what two grand divisions are all human
beings divided?"

"Regular people and boobs."



CANDLE POWER — ONE AND



ONE THOUSAND

Classified Advertisements

Male Situations Wanted

EXPERIENCED ambassador desires position which requires doubtful methods and no accounting. Very capable in right place. Ready references furnished. Address Von B., Unter den Linden.

I am a licensed orator. Can speak fluently and convincingly on any minority topic. Recently held position of great responsibility. Left for various reasons. Can advertise patent medicines or soft drinks, the latter preferred. Phone or write W. J. B.

Male Help Wanted

Three hundred and twenty-eight thousand six hundred and forty-two able-bodied young men wanted to help catch one bandit in Mexico. Indications are that positions will be permanent. Address Uncle Sam.

Female Help Wanted

Reliable and steady nurse-boats wanted to take submarines out for exercise. Apply to Josephus I.

Seven Reasons Why They Were Married

THERE was no opposition.
They had a great deal of money.
Both liked society.
Their temperaments were exactly opposite.
They prided themselves on doing as they pleased.
She was a blonde.
It was quite the thing to do.

Seven Reasons Why They Were Divorced

There was no opposition.
They had a great deal of money.
Both liked society.
Their temperaments were exactly opposite.
They prided themselves on doing as they pleased.
She was a blonde.
It was quite the thing to do.

"DID he learn any Latin in college?"
"Not enough to interfere with his slang."

Putting Things Right

By Richard Dark

IT is extraordinary how easily some people are offended. About the middle of July my wife and I accepted an invitation to take tea with our neighbors, the Joneses, who had just acquired a baby—their first. If I had remembered this nothing would have induced me to put in an appearance. I candidly admit that I am averse to very young children; they frighten me. I have always been of opinion that the wisest and most merciful plan would be to bring them up under an anesthetic till they reached the age of about six.

We were not the only people at the Joneses'; there were several others there. From the first I noticed on more than one face a look of expectancy. Jones himself betrayed a feverish animation, strange in a man whom I had always regarded as being of a rather phlegmatic temperament, and as the meal wore on his excitement seemed gradually to communicate itself to the whole assembly. No, not quite to the whole of it. I must give the curate his due. Safely anchored in a back-water behind the piano, without haste but without a pause he ate his way methodically through the bread-and-butter to the cream buns and back again.

I found a strange comfort in watching him at work,—a strong, silent soul oblivious of everything save the task before him. At last with a tired sigh he placed his cup and saucer on his plate and stretched himself in his chair. Tea was over. A moment later, without the slightest warning, the new baby was brought in and handed round, and I realized what it was we had all been waiting for.

I dislike these abrupt appearances; they unnerve me. Before I had had time to pull myself together again it was my turn.

"Well, what do you think of him?" asked Jones with a smile.

This under any circumstances would have been a question most difficult to answer to his satisfaction. As it was,

taken off my guard and not a little flurried, I inadvertently gave vent to the impression that was uppermost in my mind.

"I think," I said, "that he would be more complete with a handful of nuts."

The smile faded from Jones's face, and a hush fell on the room. Everybody looked at me. I realized that I had made a mistake. What was it I ought to have said? All at once I remembered. "He is the image of both of you," I added.

At this the baby, which had so far appeared merely bored, suddenly broke down and burst into tears, sobbing convulsively from the legs upwards. Its distress was really heart-breaking, and all efforts to soothe it having failed, its mother was forced to remove it from the room. I was very sorry. If I had realized that the child was likely to understand what was said about it I should certainly have been more guarded. But when I tried to explain this to Jones he looked pointedly away from me and asked the curate to sing. I was thankful when, a little later, the gathering broke up and we got away.

A day or two after the Joneses' tea-party I went off for my annual six weeks' fishing holiday. On my return I began to meet Jones again in the course of our daily pilgrimages to and from the city, but it was evident at once that he had not forgiven me. He contented himself with the briefest of nods and coldly repelled one or two efforts on my part to put our relations on the old friendly footing.

"So far as I can see," said my wife, when I discussed the question with her, "there's only one really valid excuse for a remark like yours about their baby."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Insanity," she replied.

"You don't think it would be any good my sending Jones a peace offering—say a box of cigars or a new perambulator?"

"It would be merely adding insult to injury. No, I can see no way out of it."

I went out of the house and strolled thoughtfully round the garden.

Next day I caught Jones alone in the evening train from town. As I entered the carriage he looked up for a moment, then ostentatiously buried himself behind his paper. When we were clear of Liverpool Street I opened fire.

"Jones," I said, "what on earth has come over you lately?"

"I beg your pardon," he replied.

"One would almost think," I continued, "that I had done something to offend you."

"You have," he said grimly.

"What is it?"

"Your idiotic remark about my baby."

"Your baby? Have you really got a baby? My dear fellow, I congratulate you."

"If this is a joke," said Jones, "I can only say that it is in extremely bad taste."

"I assure you," I answered earnestly, "that I should be the last man to jest on such a subject."

"Do you mean to say you have forgotten the afternoon you came to tea with us and tried to make a laughing-stock of our child?"

I started, leant forward in my seat and buried my face in my hands. "Wait a moment," I muttered. "I am beginning to remember. I came to tea, you said. You had a party?"

"We had."

"It is coming back to me. Yes, yes, I see them all. I see you talking to an old lady with an ear-trumpet. I see the curate in a corner, busy amongst the buns. I see—" I broke off abruptly and gazed at him with a bewildered air.

"Don't you see a baby who reminds you of a monkey?" asked Jones bitterly.

I shook my head. "No, I can't remember any baby. But I have a feel-

(Continued on page 606)





JONES, A HARD-WORKING TRAVELING SALESMAN WHO HAPPENS TO RETURN HOME ON THE DAY OF THE PROHIBITION PARADE, FINDS THAT HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER IS BEING USED FOR REFORM PURPOSES

Unselfish

"HE is always thinking of others, isn't he?"
 "Yes,—planning how he can get them to do something for him."



Bridegroom: GEE WHIZ! I CAN'T SEE ANY FUN IN THIS CUSTOM OF THROWING OLD SHOES

Speaking of Nicholas

IT would be tremendously informing just now to have a heart-to-heart chat with our old friend, Nicholas Romanoff, Esq., late of Petrograd.

His heart is undoubtedly full, full to overflowing. If he could be induced to pour out the contents thereof, we would see that he feels himself to be a very much misunderstood individual. He feels that he hasn't had a fair show; that if he were only given half a chance, he could have fixed up everything all right; if, for instance, he could only have increased the police force in Petrograd and elsewhere, and sent just a few more malcontents to Siberia and other summer resorts, all would have been well. Russia would have blossomed like a rose; peace and contentment would have come to dwell in the pockets, granaries and chimney corners of all those vast millions who were wont to look upon Mr. Romanoff as the "Little Father."

Logic

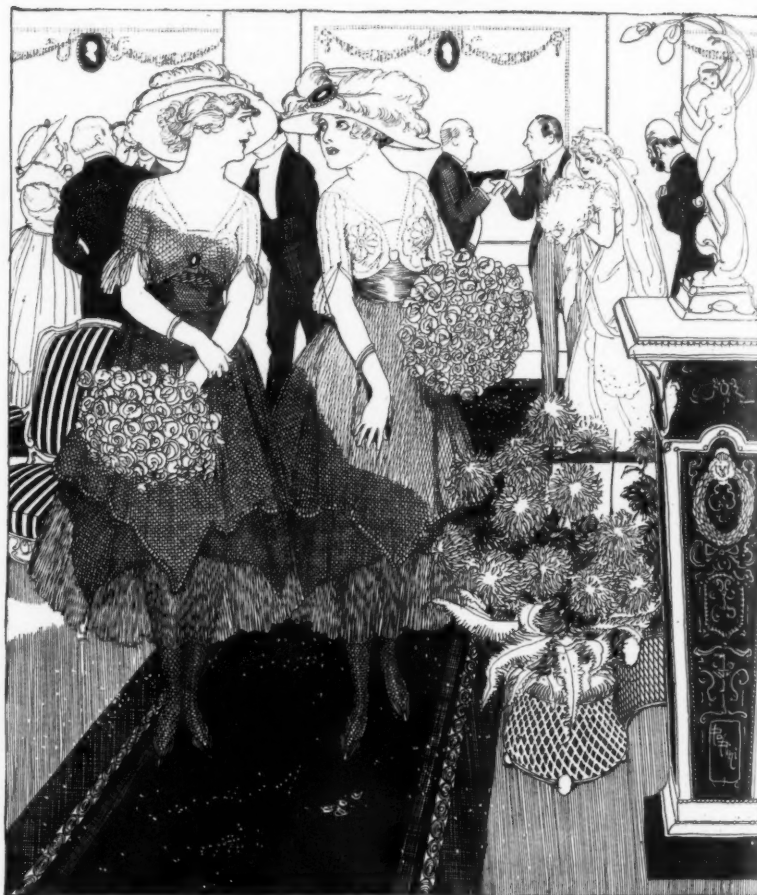
"MOTHER, have I got to take a bath?"
 "Why, if you didn't you wouldn't be clean for Sunday school."

"And if I wasn't clean, then I wouldn't have to go."

Free Speech and Count Tolstoy

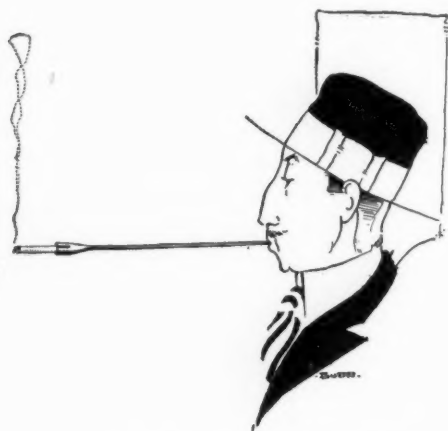
IT is doubtful if Count Tolstoy, by many considered the greatest figure of the nineteenth century, and certainly the greatest man of Russia, if he were alive, would be greatly pleased over the action of his son, Count Ilya. This gentleman, a visitor to the United States, in order to expound his own and his father's doctrines, was recently invited to lecture at Columbia University, but was afterwards refused admission to the university because of some impersonal objection to his doctrines. Thereupon the Count made a great to do and said many forceful things against a country which heretofore he had presumed to believe was the land of free speech.

The fact is, of course, that speech is free in exact proportion to the number of people you can get to listen to you. Count Tolstoy could have delivered his lecture in a nearby hall, with a guaranteed audience, but somewhat like Mrs. Bluebeard, he wanted to talk where he wasn't wanted. In short, the only place in America where speech is not free is where, if you did talk, you might disturb someone. It is absurd to say because a university doesn't want a man to lecture in its hall that it is necessarily against free speech. The students of Columbia, and indeed all of our universities, are prac-



One Bridesmaid: NOW THAT KITTY IS MARRIED I HOPE SHE'LL CUT OUT FLIRTING.

The Other: CUT OUT FLIRTING! WHY, ALL THROUGH THE CEREMONY SHE WAS MAKING EYES AT THE OFFICIATING CLERGYMAN.



"GETTING AWAY FROM CIGARETTES, Y' KNOW."

tically unrestricted. If they want to hear Count Tolstoy, or anyone else, they can easily make arrangements to do so. Freedom of speech is not a matter of locality, but is what is in the words. That is the final test. Every good word is bound to come into its own.

Very Important

MRS. DASHER: No, dear; you mustn't invite the Fannings and the Jeromes for the same evening. The two families don't speak.

DASHER: Fell out over the children, I presume.

MRS. DASHER: No; their cooks quarreled.

Attention, Ostriches

IF there are any great number of ostriches hereabouts, they are hereby respectfully advised that this would be a splendid time for them to take their heads out of the sand. There is much doing these days. Political, social and economic lightning is striking in new places daily and there is no knowing what ostrich it will next choose to pry loose from its fancied security. This is a time when ostriches need sand in their heart and none in their eyes.

A word to the wise ostrich is sufficient.

FOR the Kaiser hell is paved with Belgian blocks.

CHANDLER SIX \$1395



THE CHANDLER CHECKS

With High-Priced Cars

CHANDLER checks in the most essential features of design and construction and equipment with the high-priced cars. Chandler *performs* with the high-priced cars.

The manufacturer of one Six can make just as big *claims* as any other. The Chandler Company likes to deal in facts.

For years the Chandler Company has made the Chandler a *fact*-car, not a *claim*-car. Claims sell a lot of cars, but facts sell *more* cars, just as fast as the buyers learn the facts.

The Chandler is honestly built and moderately priced. There is no other Six, selling at anything like the

Chandler price, which will give you so *much* dependable service.

Thousands of motor car buyers recognize the mechanical superiority of the Chandler Six, mechanical superiority achieved through the Marvelous Motor—the *exclusive* Chandler Motor, powerful, flexible, simple and economical—and through the excellence of design and construction of the entire Chandler chassis.

So many recognize its superiority that the Chandler has earned a front rank position in the industry. So many recognize it that twenty-five thousand buyers this year will choose the Chandler as the Six to be preferred above all Sixes.

FIVE PLEASING TYPES OF BODY

Seven-Passenger Touring Car, \$1395

Four-Passenger Roadster, \$1395 Seven-Passenger Convertible Sedan, \$2095

Four-Passenger Convertible Coupe, \$1995 Limousine, \$2695

All prices F. O. B. Cleveland

Write us today for catalog and booklet "See How the Chandler Checks With High-Priced Cars." This booklet tells how *other* medium-priced sixes *do not* check with high-priced cars. Write today, and see your dealer. Address Dept. D.

CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY

New York Office: 1790 Broadway

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Cable Address: "Chanmotor"



A Matter of Speculation

A Scottish doctor who was attending a laird had instructed the butler of the house in the art of taking and recording his master's temperature with a thermometer. On paying his usual morning call he was met by the butler, to whom he said: "Well, John, I hope the laird's temperature is not any higher today?"

The man looked puzzled for a minute, and then replied: "Weel, I was just wonderin' that mysel'. Ye see, he deed at twal' o'clock."—*Argonaut*.

"PROFESSOR DIGGS, the famous archaeologist, is said to have discovered half a dozen buried cities."

"Mrs. Diggs ought to be proud of him."

"Well, yes. But she would probably have more respect for his ability as an explorer if she didn't have to find his hat for him nearly every time he leaves the house."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.



"THAT REMINDS ME. I HAVE AN ENGAGEMENT TO PLAY GOLF THIS AFTERNOON."

Big Enough to Be Seen

The average foreigner can rarely comprehend the geographical area of the United States, as was quite fully illustrated by the Englishman and his valet who had been traveling due west from Boston for five days. At the end of the fifth day master and servant were seated in the smoking-car, and it was observed that the man was gazing steadily and thoughtfully out of the window. Finally his companion became curious. "William," said he, "of what are you thinking?"

"I was just thinking, sir, about the discovery of Hamerica," replied the valet. "Columbus didn't do such a wonderful thing, after all, when he found this country, did he, now, sir? Hafter hall's said an' done, 'ow could 'e 'elp it?"

—*Everybody's Magazine*.

THE ancient Egyptians sometimes introduced a skeleton at a feast."

"What about it?"

"I suppose it is on the same principle that some motorists affix the miniature effigy of a traffic cop to the front end of a machine."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 32 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint Rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, Rolls House, Breems Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C., England.

LIFE is for sale by all newsdealers in Great Britain and may be obtained from sellers in all the principal cities in the world. The foreign trade supplied by LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breems Buildings, London, E. C.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of solicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office ten days prior to the issue to be affected.

See Yellowstone National Park through Gardiner Gateway and Northern Pacific Railway ...in... Comfortable Autos

An Enjoyable Vacation and An Educational Trip

Tour this wonderful vacation land (June 20th to Sept. 15th) in large comfortable automobiles. The new five day auto tour enables you to see more of the geysers, animals, canyons, lakes, falls, paint pots, mountains, etc., although one should stay longer if possible. Personally escorted tours each week. Daily trains and world famous dining car service.

Send for free travel literature and information

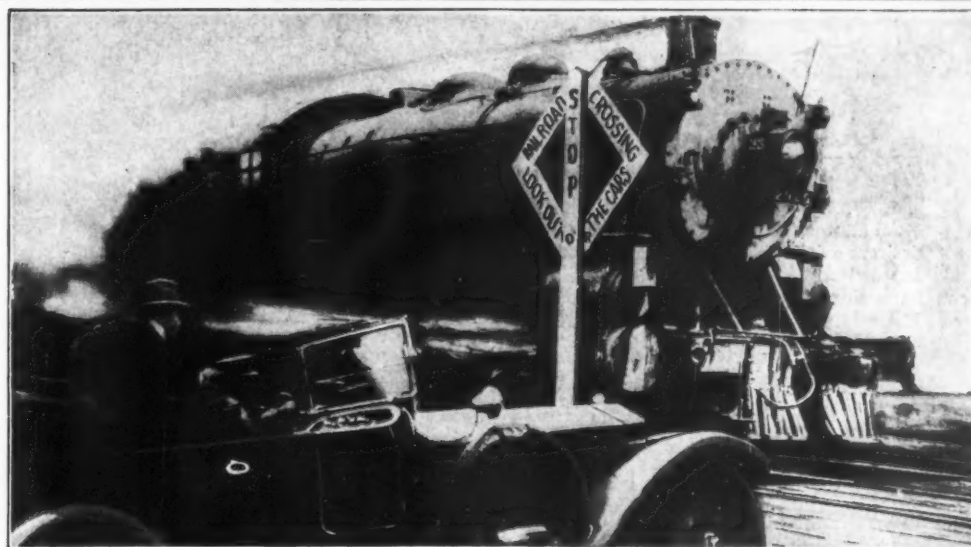
A. M. CLELAND, 42 Northern Pacific Building, Saint Paul, Minn.





STILL BEYOND HER REACH

THE Red Death that stalks at midnight quietly entered the young man's sleeping room. He was a prudent young man, and the copy of LIFE he had ordered in advance from his newsdealer was on his reading table. The Red Death picked it up and became so interested in it that he forgot all about his fatal mission, and the young man was saved.



IN AN EMERGENCY

If your brakes grab or slip— Learn how leading car-makers guard against it

Your life depends on the efficiency of your brake lining. Grabbing or slipping brakes menace your safety.

In traffic, in an emergency, on hills, your brakes *must* work promptly and smoothly.

Realizing the importance of good brake lining, leading car and axle manufacturers select for their cars and axles the brake lining that won't grab or slip—**Thermoid Brake Lining.**

Some of the cars that use Thermoid Brake Lining are:

Pierce Arrow	Hudson	Bessemer Truck
Peerless	Cadillac	Sayers & Scovill
Marmion	Cole	Pilot
Haynes	Lexington	Sun
Studebaker	Howard	Empire
Kissel	Rauch & Lang	Moon
Apperson	Atlas Truck	Ames
Premier	Lippard-Stewart	Atlas
Chalmers	Truck	Gersix Truck
White	King	Republic Truck
Auburn	Stephens	Fulton Truck
Service Truck	Patterson	Columbia Truck
Metz	Superior Truck	Denby Truck
Autocar	Davis	Bethlehem Truck
Briscoe	Kline Kar	Union Truck
Pathfinder	National	Hudford Unit

Some of the axles that use Thermoid Brake Lining are:

Timken-Detroit	Sheldon	Heas
Columbia	Torbensen	Celfor
Peru	Russel	American
	Empire	

Scientific construction of Thermoid Brake Lining

The reason Thermoid Brake Lining has the ideal co-efficient of friction, is impervious to moisture, and is durable, lies in its scientific construction.

In its process of manufacture it has three exclusive features:

1. It has 40 per cent more material by actual weight than any woven lining

This means longer service—best service. Thermoid is 40 per cent heavier than any woven brake lining not hydraulic compressed. That is why it is better fitted to stand the responsibilities placed on it.

2. It is Grapnalized

Thermoid Brake Lining is impregnated throughout with Grapnal. This exclusive process makes it impervious to gasoline, oil, water, dust, etc. No other brake lining is Grapnalized, or can be. That is why ordinary brake lining goes to pieces rapidly.

3. It is hydraulic compressed

Powerful hydraulic presses compress Thermoid into a solid mass. This makes it far tougher and stronger than ordinary linings. It makes the wearing surface ideal for braking; it can't grab and it can't slip. The "co-efficient of friction" is just right.

Specify Thermoid

When you re-line your brakes, specify the brake lining the experts specify—Thermoid. Jobbers, garages, and dealers will be glad to supply you.

Remember your life depends on the efficiency of your brakes, and the efficiency of your brakes depends on your brake lining. Be sure your brakes are lined with Thermoid Brake Lining. The cost is a little more—and well worth it.

Our Guarantee—

Thermoid will make good or WE WILL.

THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY

Factory and Main Offices TRENTON, N. J.
Branches: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Indianapolis, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Boston, London, Paris.



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Hands Off!

An attorney was consulted by a woman desirous of bringing action against her husband for a divorce. She related a harrowing tale of the ill-treatment she had received at his hands. So impressive was her recital that the lawyer, for a moment, was startled out of his usual professional composure. "From what you say this man must be a brute of the worst type!" he exclaimed.

The applicant for divorce arose and, with severe dignity, announced: "Sir, I shall consult another lawyer. I came here to get advice as to a divorce, not to hear my husband abused!"—*Argonaut*.

Leave Well Alone

CAPTAIN: Have you changed the guard yet?

THE NEWCHUM JUNIOR: No, sir; the old guard was doing the job so well, sir, I thought I'd let 'em stay on, sir."

—*Sydney Bulletin*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

THERE was a timid knock at the door. "If you please, kind lady," the beggar said, "I've lost my right leg—"

"Well, it ain't here," retorted the lady of the house, and slammed the door.

—*New York Times*.

CARBONA

Cleaning Fluid

Better than dangerous
Benzine, Naphtha or
Gasoline for all
Cleaning purposes

Cannot
burn or
explode

25¢ 25¢ 50¢ & \$1.00 All Druggists



LE PAGE'S CHINA CEMENT

STANDS HOT AND COLD WATER 10¢



Carstairs Rye

A Century
Favorite

The Standard Rye of America

Established 1788



EGYPTIAN DEITIES

The Utmost in Cigarettes
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture, refinement
and education invariably
PREFER Deities to
any other cigarette.

25¢

Smaragros

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



A Good Match

A portly colored man entered the drug-store and looked around uncertainly.

"Young man," he said to the clerk confidentially, "has you got any letter-paper and envelopes with flesh-colored borders?"

"Was it mourning-paper you wished for, sir?" inquired the clever clerk.

"You's struck it disackly! But I disremembered the name. Gib me a box of it, if you please, sah."—*Everybody's*.

A Sherbet is made tasty and delightful by using Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. In stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

WOMAN PASSENGER: What are we stopping here for?

TRAINMAN: We were flagged by a track-walker who found a broken rail.

WOMAN PASSENGER: How did it get broke—who broke it?

—*Eric Railroad Magazine*.

SEXOLOGY

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D.

imparts in a clear, wholesome way, in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.

Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
PURITAN P. CO., 797 PERRY BLDG., PHILA., Pa.

ART MAGAZINE FOR ARTISTS and ART STUDENTS—
Publishes cash art assignments, articles and lessons on Cartooning, Designing, Illustrating, Lettering and Chalk-talking. Criticizes amateurs' work. Interesting, helpful, artistic. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. 10c a copy, \$1 a year. Send \$1 NOW, stamps or bill, to
G. H. Lockwood, Editor, Dept. 331, Kalamazoo, Mich.



PROTECTIVE COLORING

"YOU BETTER NOT WASH YOUR FACE TOO CLEAN, JIMMY. REMEMBER YOU GOT A BLACK EYE."



"WOULD YOU MIND PASSING A LAW ABOLISHING OSTEOPATHY AND PROSECUTING EVERYONE CURED BY IT, SENATOR?"

The Dog's Commandments

FROM a witless puppy I brought thee up: gave thee fire and food, and taught thee the self-respect of an honest dog. Hear, then, my commandments:

I am thy master: thou shalt have no other masters before me. Where I go, shalt thou follow; where I abide, tarry thou also.

My house is thy castle; thou shalt honor it; guard it with thy life if need be.

By daylight, suffer all that approach peaceably to enter without protest.

TIFFANY & Co.

JEWELRY SILVERWARE

THE HIGHEST QUALITY
ASSURES
PERMANENT SATISFACTION

THE TIFFANY BLUE BOOK-NOT ILLUSTRATED
GIVES DESCRIPTIONS AND PRICES

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

Vantines Temple Incense Set \$1

The dreamy, soothing fragrance of Vantine's Temple Incense brings to mind the rosy dawns, the brilliant sunlight, the purple dusks of the Orient—the enchantment of strange Far Eastern countries—the subtle, languorous sweetness of tropical gardens and of blossom-laden breezes blown from palm-fringed islands set in turquoise seas.

Send \$1. and we will forward by parcel post post-paid the set illustrated which includes oxidized burner and four-ounce packet of incense, both neatly packed in an artistic Oriental case and complete instructions for burning incense. (Specify No. 1002 D.)

Write for Catalog
It illustrates many of our latest Oriental importations for the home, for personal wear, or for presentation purposes, and explains how you may ship by mail at Vantine's, "the most interesting store in the world."
Address Dept. 7
A. A. Vantine & Co. Inc.
Fifth Avenue & 29th Street,
New York



But after nightfall thou shalt give tongue when men draw near.

Use not thy teeth on any man without good cause and intolerable provocation; and never on women or children.

Honor thy master and thy mistress, that thy days may be long in the land.

Thou shalt not consort with mongrels, nor with dogs that are common or unclean.

Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not feed upon refuse or stray bits: thy meat waits thee regularly in the kitchen.

Thou shalt not bury bones in the flower beds.

Cats are to be chased, but in sport only; seek not to devour them: their teeth and claws are deadly.

Thou shalt not snap at my neighbor,

nor at his wife, nor his child, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor do harm to aught that is his.

The drawing-room rug is not for thee, nor the sofa, nor the best arm-chair. Thou hast the porch and thy own kennel. But for the love I bear thee, there is always a corner for thee by the winter fire.

Meditate on these commandments day and night; so shalt thou be a dog of good breeding and an honor to thy master.

Christopher Morley.

"I CARE not who makes the laws of my country," said Béranger, "if only I am sure that my newsdealer has not forgotten the standing order I gave him for my weekly copy of LIFE."



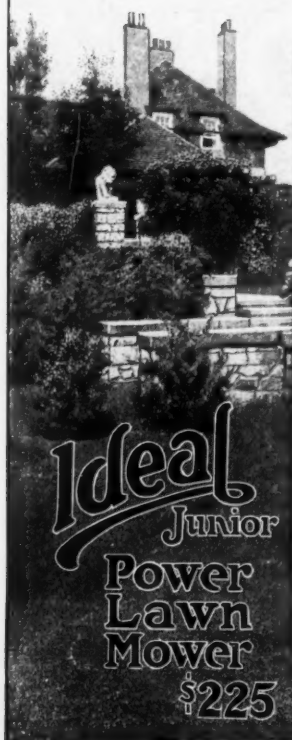
The Gift for Easter

Maillard

BON BONS
CHOCOLATES • FRENCH BONBONNIERES

Fifth Avenue at Thirty-Fifth Street
NEW YORK

NOW is Ideal Time



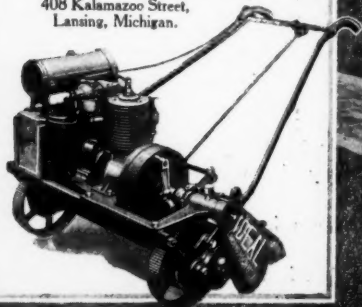
Plan *now* for a beautiful lawn this summer. Investigate the Ideal *now*, so that you can have it ready for the first spring cutting.

The Ideal Power Lawn Mower meets every turf trimming requirement—insures a consistently beautiful sward. Eliminates the nuisance of a horse-drawn contrivance on your lawn, or the expense of a squad of hand-propelled machines. Easy to operate and easy to care for—makes possible *double* the usual lawn attention, with *less labor and more economy*.

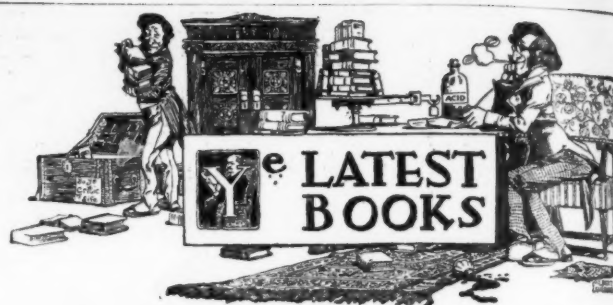
Write us for full particulars—*now*, while making your plans for a beautiful lawn.

THE IDEAL POWER LAWN MOWER COMPANY
R. E. OLDS, Chairman

408 Kalamazoo Street,
Lansing, Michigan.



Ideal
Junior
Power
Lawn
Mower
\$225



WHICH do you like better, boys in Sunday-school stories or boys in short pants and a whistle?—boys the way some grown-up would make them if he were chief pastry-cook in old Ma Nature's bakeshop, or boys the way they really come out of that old lady's cracked oven? William Johnston, the author of "Limpy" (Little, Brown, \$1.35), cannot seem to make up his mind which he prefers. Often he puts a cupful of real boy into his dough pan. And then he remembers that Writers have Responsibilities and adds a pint-measure of dramatized copy-book. I forget whether sugar contains as many calories as whole wheat; but if you have a sweet tooth you'll like Mr. Johnston's cookies.

AND if you are a teetotaler you'll just love Robert Hichens' new novel, "In the Wilderness" (Stokes, \$1.50). Do you remember the nice old white-haired total abstainer who asked the friend who gave him a milk punch where he got his cow? I always think of him when ladies who bridle at the mention of Brieux tell me, with eyes aglow, that they do think Hichens *so* wonderful. "In the Wilderness" is the story of a Greek-minded young English paragon who marries a lady meant for a nun; who is afterward lured to Constantinople and almost entirely consumed by a female vampire; and whose remnants are reclaimed just in time by the nun-sobolind whose eyes have at last been opened. Hichens is a wonder. He's a verbal hypnotist, running a "blind tiger" at the sign of the Blue Ribbon.

CARADOC EVANS is a wonder of a very different—and rather terrifying—kind. He published, last year, a book of tiny tales called "My People." They were unlike anything extant. They were written with a sort of Biblical simplicity and a more than Mosaic outspokenness. They contained neither descriptions nor comment nor verbal embellishment; but placed before one (largely in the form of dialogue) the stark structural basis of the daily lives and mental outlook of the peasantry of west Wales. He has now published a second collection of these studies, called "Capel Zion" (Melrose, London, 3s. 6d.). They are marvels of interpretative realism—contributions at once to art and to anthropology. But they portray, with a grim humor and a devastating directness, a degradation that makes Patagonian savages seem civilized.

ONE hastens, therefore, to suggest an antidote for the mere mention of them. "The Way Hearts Go" (Dutton, \$1.50), a first novel by an American writer, Laurence Hayward, will serve admirably. It gives the history of the match-making campaign of a clever mother, long estranged from her family by a willful marriage, and anxious to bag three birds—a share of the ancestral fortune, a *rapprochement* with her own kin and a social future for her daughter—with the single stone in a cousinly engagement ring. It is a comedy somewhat obvious in its mechanism and with the dulling touch of triteness in some of its devices; but with quite enough genre-sense and narrative zest to make it diverting.

THE good hunter has to study the nature of the beast he's after. The quarry that is able to play eavesdropper at the gun-room keyhole can get valuable points about his own habits. Readers of advertisements as well as writers of them—risers to those lures of "make-up" and "human interest" and "applied psychology," as well as the fishermen who skitter these baits along the edges of "reading matter"—ought to find George French's "How to Advertise" (Doubleday, Page, \$2.00) full of personal interest and self-revelment. Its discussions are illuminatingly illustrated by reproductions of real "ads," many of them most familiar. J. B. Kerfoot.

DO YOU
BUY
over 200 Yac
fitting-Out
schooners, Y
achts from 5
contains a 16
Pans, Cruises
Handsom
Order from
your Newsde
address

Belg
back f
of cap
weight
less; t
well a
such i
not fo
fate i
men,
heavie

In a
tion, t
have
crushe
there
ingmen
the ec
to be
crime
the ri
—Ext
Work
Civiliz

HE:
on ear
war ti
SHE
not y

D



T
h
a
h
C

M
178-
181
Accr

DO YOU WANT TO ? BUY A YACHT ?

Over 200 Yachts are Listed For Sale in the March, 1917, Fitting-Out Number of THE RUDDER—Steam Yachts, Schooners, Yawls, Sloops, Cats, and all types of Power Yachts from Seagoing Cruisers to 15-ft. Power Tenders. It contains a 16-page Art Section, 120 pages on Fitting-Out Plans, Cruises and Stories.

Handsomely illustrated throughout. Price 25 cents.

Order from
your Newdealer,
or address
THE RUDDER
254 West
34th Street
New York City

Truly Prussian

Belgian civilian prisoners who come back from Germany after three months of captivity have lost one-third of their weight; they are unrecognizable, bloodless; they are sick, and may never get well again; they drag along and die. If such is the fate of the prisoners who are not forced to work, what is the pitiable fate in store for the Belgian workmen, deported and subjected to the heaviest manual labor?

In a few months our working population, the pride of our free country, will have its working strength completely crushed. The day when peace comes, there will no longer be any Belgian workmen able to take up the great task of the economical rebuilding of what used to be prosperous Belgium—whose only crime has been to defend unflinchingly the right of neutrals to life and honor. —Extract from an Appeal of the Belgian Workmen to the Workmen of the Civilized World.

HE: What, another new dress! How on earth am I going to pay for it in these war times?

SHE: Well, my dear, I'm your wife—not your financial adviser.

—London Opinion.

DUNLAP HATS



Since 1857

This Mark in a hat
has at once identified
and emphasized
Inherent
Quality.



NEW YORK

178-180 Fifth Avenue, near 23rd St.

181 Broadway, near Cortlandt St.

Accredited Agencies in all Principal Cities

Dress Up!



RETAIN the spirit and enthusiasm of youth—quicken your interest in the affairs of every day life—enjoy the rejuvenating influence of new things—DRESS UP!

And because Boston Garters do their important work unseen, don't let them be the last things you think of. Follow your natural impulse and keep them fresh and lively. The added comfort repays you.

Take home a new pair today

Boston Garter

SOLD
EVERYWHERE

Velvet Grip

25 CENTS
35 CENTS 50 CENTS

GEORGE FROST COMPANY - MAKERS - BOSTON

Homeless

THE blinds are down, windows closed, doors bolted. No smoke curls from the chimney. The porches, unswept, are strewn with newspapers and circulars. The place reeks of desertion.

The cat crouches on the step, bewildered and unclean. Ordinarily the neatest of animals, the change has worked havoc with her habits.

A boy passes—a small, ordinary, mischievous boy—and a stone flies from his fingers. A dog makes a fierce dash, to stop with suddenly braced legs at the cat's very feet, amazed at her immovability. She slinks with a piteous miau around the house, where she leaps to one of the blank windows and stares hopelessly into the distance. Homeless, hungry and forlorn, pussy waits—forgotten!

The Visit to New York

THE sleepless sleeping-car.

The congested wash-room and the suspicious glances.

The encouragement of the porter's graft.

The hollow-eyed arrival.

The mastodonic hotel with the bored desk-attendants.

The request for a three-dollar room.

The contempt and loathing of the clerk.

The four-dollar room on the air-shaft.

The princely generosity to the satchel-bearer.

The embarrassed entry into the dining room.

UNIVERSAL ELECTRIC HOME NEEDS



Universal
4 Heat Grill
No. E984
\$6.50

Boils, Broils Fries, Toasts

Will do all manner of cooking in quantity sufficient for three or four people and is ready at the turn of a switch for immediate use. Four heats available.



Universal
Electric
Iron
No. E905 \$4.50

Iron Stays Hot You Stay Cool

When the weather is scorching hot it is a simple matter to keep cool and work with comfort in any room in the house by the aid of a Universal Electric Iron.



Inquire at your
dealer, or
write Dept.
No. 25 for free
booklets

Universal
Electric Toaster No. E946 \$4.50

Golden Brown Delicious Toast

Made at the table and served as hot as wanted. Evenly browned over the entire surface. No fumes of the fuel to mar its flavor.

Landers, Frary & Clark, New Britain, Conn.

DU PONT

The Sport alluring



Miss Annette Kellerman
at the traps

TRAPSHOOTING—The Sport Alluring—carries with it a thrill—an exhilaration—such as no other sport affords. It holds a subtle challenge to one's gunskill.

Winging the wily clay pigeon has become quite *de rigueur* in smart country places and has proven a welcome boon to both host and hostess in the entertainment of house parties.

The "Sport Alluring Booklet" on request.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO.

Wilmington

Delaware

The hard poached eggs and the light gray coffee.
The sinking feeling at the size of the check.
The reluctant tip to the waiter.
The feeling that the waiters are smiling privately.
The tip to the hat-boy to recover the hat.
The venturing forth into the street.
The twenty million automobiles.
The twenty million escapes from death.
The delicately kalsomined young women.
The half-portion skirts.
The odors of gasoline, perfume and rice powder.
The innumerable telephone calls.
The bad lunch with the strangely named foods.
The too-frequent smokings.
The descent on the business district.
The crick in the neck from looking up.
The fifty million automobiles which narrowly graze the back.

The taxicab with the trick meter.
The rapidly decreasing size of the pocketbook.
The twelve-dollar dinner with the seventy-five-cent taste.
The two-dollar theatre tickets for six dollars.
The tiresome performance of the same old stuff.
The gay restaurant life, costing eighty cents per minute.
The tired-looking men with their pockets full of it.
The chatty women with near-pearls and dangerous shoulder-straps.
The wild excitement and the waiter's hints to buy.
The distributing of largesse and the return to the hotel.
The hatred for New York.
The troubled slumber and the determination to be more careful on the morrow.
The repetition of the whole business on ensuing days.

K. L. Roberts.



The fashion of serving Club Cocktails grows steadily among people of breeding and discernment. Their cultured taste responds to the exact and balanced blending of fine liquors and to the unequalled smoothness which comes only by long aging in the wood. Club Cocktails in all their ten varieties are supremely in good taste.

G. F. Heublein & Bro.

Importers of the famous Brands A-1 Sauce
New York Hartford London





CRÊME YVETTE

(Pronounced E-vet)
"For Smart Desserts"

Thousands have enjoyed in their favorite hotel or restaurant, the exclusively distinctive violet desserts and violet ices made for them by famous chefs. Thousands are now making and serving these same Crème Yvette sweets in their own home.

You can make with Crème Yvette the most delicious of violet ices, sherbets, jellies, charlottes, cake icings, bon-bons, puddings, etc. Try—

CRÊME YVETTE CANDIED VIOLETS

by Mr. Marius A. Semet, Chef de Cuisine
at Hotel McAlpin

Take fresh cut violets and dip them in Crème Yvette. Spread them out where the air will get to them, and when dry they are ready to serve as a confection or to garnish desserts.

Crème Yvette (pronounced E-VET) is sold at 80c and \$1.50 per bottle, at fancy grocers and wine dealers. Book of recipes by well-known chefs sent free. Write for it now.

SHEFFIELD COMPANY
7th AVENUE AND 14th STREET
NEW YORK CITY



Fourscore and Still Well Thought of

MR. HOWELLS at eighty justifies the literary life which he still pursues.

He has been at it actively about sixty-five years, and is still not only respected, but read.

And nobody is waiting for his shoes. They won't fit anybody else.

"SERP," said Adam, "you're a wise guy, and being wise, I suppose you've given the Paradise newsdealer a standing order for LIFE so that there won't be any chance of Eve missing her weekly copy."

Putting Things Right

(Continued from page 594)

ing that something terrible happened. What was it?"

Jones looked at me curiously. "Where did you go for your holiday this year?" he said.

"If I tell you," I answered in a low voice, "will you promise not to divulge it to a soul?"

"Certainly."

"I spent it in a home," I said simply, "a home for the overwrought. The doctor said it must have been coming on for some weeks. Of the period that passed before I went away I can remember very little; it is almost a blank. But tell me, tell me what I did that afternoon."

Jones's face softened. He looked at me pityingly. "My poor fellow," he said, "don't bother yourself about it. It was nothing."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite. We won't speak of it again. What are you doing to-morrow evening?"

"Nothing in particular."

"Then come round and see baby in his bath at half past six and stay to dinner."

"I should love to," I said.

I particularly dislike babies in their baths; they always remind me of cold veal. But this time I carefully rehearsed my part beforehand, and when I finally escaped from the Joneses on the following evening the breach was healed.



"BOBBIE, DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S VERY RUDE TO TAKE THE LAST PIECE OF CAKE? WHY DON'T YOU OFFER IT TO YOUR LITTLE VISITOR?"

"I WOULD, MOTHER, ONLY I KNOW DARNED WELL HE'D TAKE IT."



Here's your guide to all Outdoors

THROUGH green valleys, over mountains, into the heart of the cool woods, trailing the laughing brooks, camping beside quiet lakes—here's your guide.

Have you ever argued over the name of a fish, flower, bird, tree or butterfly? Have you ever wanted to settle a dispute concerning the habits of a wild animal? This guide will answer any question you can ask about the living and growing things of Nature. This guide's name is—

The New Nature Library

Indexed and cross-indexed so that you can identify any living thing.

These 9 splendid books, with their thousands of pages of fascinating text, and hundreds of illustrations, all bound in rich, green cloth, or flexible black leather, are now offered to you at a special price. They will bring all Nature into your home and guide you wherever you go outdoors. They teach children the clean love of Nature and entertain and instruct the whole family.

America's greatest experts contributed to these books—Dr. David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford University, Dr. Howard U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Dr. Evermann of U. S. Fish Com., Dr. Holland of Carnegie Museum and Nellie Blanchard.

Here are the titles to the 9 volumes: Bird Neighbors—Wild Flowers—Butterflies—Moths—Trees—American Animals—Fish—Insects—Game Birds.

Wonderful Pictures—Color Plates made from nature, showing birds, animals, fish, trees and flowers in their native haunts.

Save Money—The edition is limited. It will soon run out. The next will undoubtedly cost more. So order at once and save money.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY

Department 914 Garden City, New York

Send the Butterfly Coupon

We ship the books at once. You pay only \$1.00 with the order and \$3.00 a month until \$34.50 is paid if you choose the cloth, or \$4 a month until \$44.50 is paid if you prefer the leather. If you are not perfectly satisfied with the books we will refund your dollar—but you must act at once. Remember that the edition is small. So don't put off sending coupon. Take advantage of this offer. Act now.

Name _____

Address _____

Reference _____

Double-
Day & Co.,
Department 914
Garden City, N.Y.

Send me the big 9-volume Nature Library. I am enclosing \$1.00 with order and agree to send \$3 per month until a total of \$34.50 has been paid, if I keep the books in seven days and you are to refund my dollar.

Note: If you want the rich, limple leather edition, [\$1 down and \$4 per month, total price \$44.50] write "yes" here.

HER
So
Instead
Or
But wh
And
Repeat
A mo
T
K
H

Her str
And
Among
Are
Her pa
Is cl
Her ce
Whe
I
p

Thoug
Ken
And E
Kew
Invite
Wit
No ot
Can

GLO
up the
Th
view

MOORE P
The
At Station
MOORE P

TI
Not

with
less
for
sen
Moore P
Gla
Moore P
The
At Station
MOORE P

The Lyric Baedeker

Kalamazoo

HER founder's name was Bronson,
So thus they named the town,
Instead of Jenkins, Johnson,
Or Smith, or Jones, or Brown.
But when her realm expanded
And trumpet-sounding Fame
Repeatedly demanded
A more sonorous name,
They christened her anew
Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo!
Her glory ever grew,
Kalamazoo.

Her streets are lined with maples
And oaks with bushy heads.
Among her leading staples
Are corsets, mint and sleds.
Her paper, plain or coated,
Is classed as superfine.
Her celery is noted
Wherever people dine.
Four railways hurry through
Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo;
She has a college, too,
Kalamazoo.

Though Kennebunk, Kiona,
Kenosha, Kankakee
And Kokomo, Katonah,
Kewance, Kissimmee
Invite the would-be witty
With cadences in "K,"
No other comic city
Can lure my heart away.
In spite of Baraboo,
Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo,
I still am true to you,
Kalamazoo!

Arthur Guiterman.

GLOBE-TROTTER: Of course, you went
up the Nile?

THE BLUFF: By Jove, yes! What a
view from the summit!—*Tit-Bits*.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream



Send us 6c in stamps to cover cost of packing and mailing, and get free our Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets, and Milkweed Cream, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Perfume in Guest Room sizes. Address

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.

Established 1883
Windsor, Ont.
38 Tenth St. Detroit, U. S. A.

Thousands Have Thanked Us
Not only for our samples, but because we prove to them that

Moore Push-Pins

with their dainty glass heads and needle points, and Moore Push-less Hangers are easier and better than nails or tacks, for hanging Pictures and wall decorations. May we send you free samples?

Moore Push-Pins, Made in 2 sizes } 10c pkts.
Glass Heads, Steel Points }
Moore Push-less Hangers, 4 sizes } In Canada
The Hanger with the Twist } 2 Pkts. for 25c
At Stationery, Hardware, Photo, Dept. Stores, or by mail.
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Dept. 32, Philadelphia, Pa.

Charmantes for the Gentlewoman IVORY PY-RA-LIN



THE dressing table adorned with articles de toilette of Ivory Py-ra-lin charms the soul attuned to beauty and inspires mistress and maid to artistic achievement.

What mellow richness of tone is here—what exquisite graining of finest ivory—converted by skillful craft into beautiful things to delight milady's most dainty fancy.

And what a wealth of variety! The better shops show a wondrous assortment. Our Ivory Py-ra-lin brochure illustrates exclusive pieces and designs not usually obtainable.

THE ARLINGTON COMPANY
725 Broadway, New York



Device Wanted Instantly

WANTED—New Device. Will gladly pay enormous sum for a practical scheme by which men can be kept in the factories and in the trenches at the same time. The chief difficulty with all nations having militaristic aspirations is that when men are fighting they are not working, and when they are working they are not fighting. Thus as military glory increases, materialistic glory decreases, and vice versa. True efficiency requires that the arts of construction and destruction should go along hand in hand, so that a nation may engage in war at will without interfering with the arts of peace. Anyone having an idea of how the doctrine of dual personality may be applied to the solution of this problem, or an idea of any other nature, please write at once. Address War Lord, General Delivery.

A Private Watchman For Your Car

Day or night you can have *individual* theft-protection for your car and spare tires by using

Powersteel Autowlock

This great little thief-discourager is four feet of waterproofed Yellow Strand Wire Rope with an eye in each end. A non-pickable lock is furnished. Fastened around wheel and spring, or spare tire and rack, Powersteel Autowlock causes auto thieves to give your car the go-by.

Some insurance companies grant a 10% rate reduction if you use a Powersteel Autowlock. Price, east of Rockies, \$2.25.

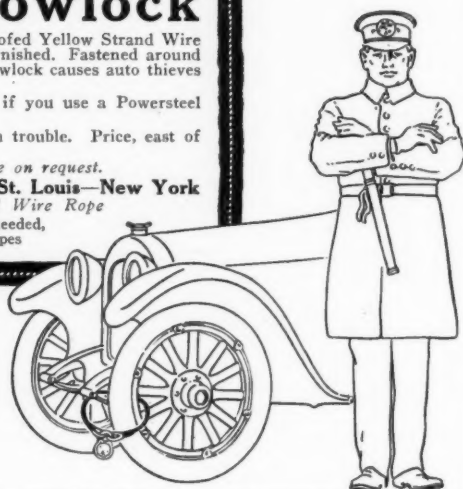
BASLINE, AUTOWLINE assures a tow home when you're in trouble. Price, east of Rockies, \$4.55.

Buy from your Accessory Dealer. Literature on request.

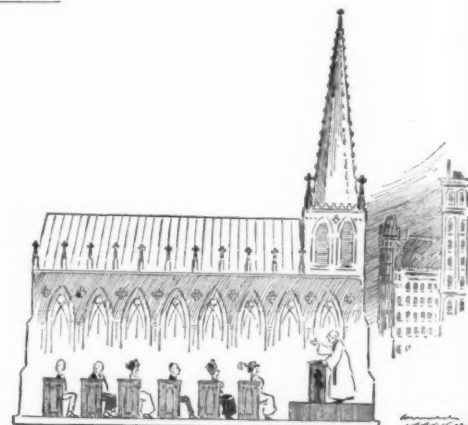
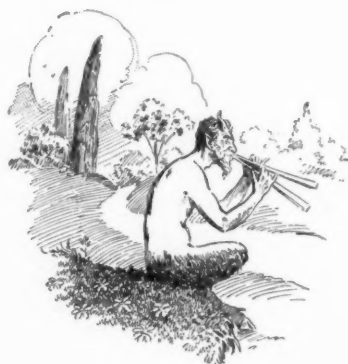
BRODERICK & BASCOM ROPE CO. St. Louis—New York

Manufacturers of celebrated Yellow Strand Wire Rope

Whenever good cables are needed,
specify B. & B. Wire Ropes



Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of LIFE, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1917. State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared James S. Metcalfe, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is one of the business managers of LIFE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: (1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, Life Publishing Company, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City. Editor, J. A. Mitchell, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City. Managing editor, T. L. Masson, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City. Business managers, Andrew Miller and J. S. Metcalfe, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City. (2) That the owners are: Life Publishing Company, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City; J. A. Mitchell, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City; Andrew Miller, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City. (3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: United States Trust Company, 45 Wall Street, New York City; North River Savings Bank, West Thirty-fourth Street, New York City. (4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. James S. Metcalfe. (Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of March, 1917. (Seal) Wm. Krone, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1917.)



"GOD MADE THE COUNTRY, MAN MADE THE TOWN"

Moderation—the standard by which most successful men control their affairs.

And this applies not only to the business, but the social side of life as well.

That's the reason the *moderate* man drinks a wonderfully mild and mellow **Whiskey—Wilson—Real Wilson—That's All!**

The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 13 E. 31st St., N. Y. That's All!

There is Always War
WAR is really going on all the time, only we do not know it, because the world film is speeded up only at certain intervals. When it is thus speeded up, nobody can stop it until this speeding impulse has spent itself. More people are killed by railroads every year than were killed as the result of the Spanish war. There is a slow but constant war going on against children in child-labor factories, against children in slums. In the latter case the mortality, if it were known, would be found appalling. The countless babies before the age of five sacrificed every year in this great slum war would easily put to shame the list of killed and wounded in the great European war. We do not stop to think of these things because they are so ordinary.

Getting Away from Home

ACCORDING to Mrs. John Francis Yawger, newly elected president of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, a woman is more useful in her home when she is a club woman. "She is," says Mrs. Yawger, "a better wife and home-maker than the woman who doesn't belong to clubs. She learns system and business-like methods, two things sadly needed in the average American home."

Undoubtedly women are better home-makers for being club women, but is it for the reason Mrs. Yawger gives, namely, that they learn more about business methods—learn more about business? Is it not much more for the reason that by coming in contact with other women their ideas are enlarged? Brand Whitlock once asked Mayor Johnson of Toledo what was the secret of his executive ability. The mayor replied that it was getting others to do things. A knowledge of business methods is valuable. But a housekeeper who has developed business-like faculties only is often a narrow-minded and touchy crank. The great value to a housekeeper of coming into contact with the outside world, lies in the freshness, the sanity, the sense of inspiration and proper perspective with which she can view her own home. It is what a pedant might term a finer process of orientation, but which simpler people call getting the cobwebs out of one's brain.

Send a
Stamp

For a
Sample Cake



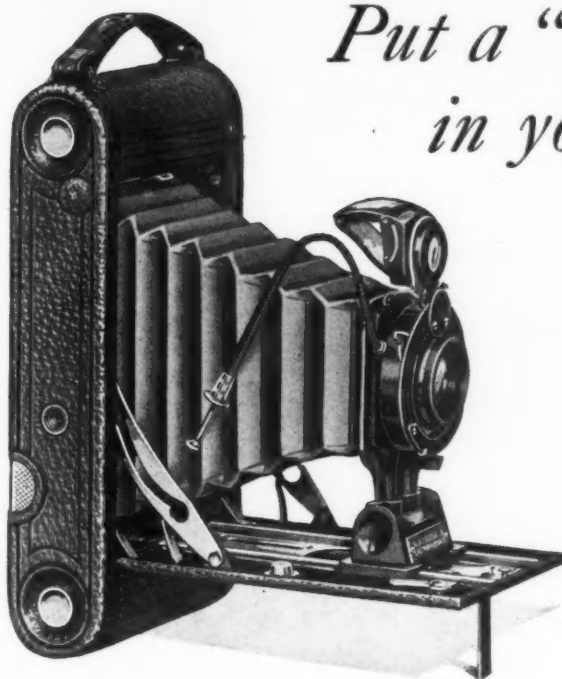
The woman of refinement seeks in her soap the qualities of purity and richness above all else. Every day, in every land, thousands of women use no other soap than No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap.

No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap

Delicately perfumed, transparent and pure, a lather satisfying in creamy luxury. No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap has been the choice of discriminating women for three generations. You can get No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap at your favorite department store or druggist.

For the sample cake, send 2c. stamp; or for 10c in stamps we will send you a package containing a sample cake of No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap, a sample bottle of No. 4711 Bath Salts, and a sample bottle of No. 4711 Eau de Cologne.

LEHNS & KROPPF, Dept. L., 25 West 45th Street, New York



*Put a "two-c"
in your pocket.*

It fits.

The 2C KODAK Jr.

For pictures of the somewhat elongated post-card shape, but just a trifle smaller,— $2\frac{7}{8} \times 4\frac{7}{8}$ inches. And this elongated shape in the picture makes possible a slim, thin camera, that *fits the pocket*.

The 2C Autographic Kodak Junior has a capacity of ten exposures without reloading, it has the Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with cable release, working at speeds of 1/25, 1/50 and 1/100 of a second and of course the usual "bulb" and time actions. The camera has brilliant reversible finder, two tripod sockets, black leather bellows, is covered with fine grain leather, is well made and beautifully finished. It is autographic, of course, and is extremely simple to use.

Furnished with a choice of lens equipment as listed below:

No. 2C Autographic Kodak Jr., meniscus achromatic lens,	. . .	\$12.00
Ditto, with Rapid Rectilinear lens,	. . .	14.00
Ditto, with Kodak Anastigmat lens, f.7.7,	. . .	19.00

All Dealers'.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Self-Supporting Government

IT is not self-government that we need so much as it is self-supporting government. With a self-supporting government there would be no taxes, and taxes have always been one of the most exasperating obstacles that we had to meet as we trod the road to the Millennium. As long as taxes have to be paid, peace on earth and good will toward men are idle dreams. So long as tax returns have to be made, men will lie, and there will be no truth in them.

The government is already self-supporting as to the post-office, for instance. The post-office gives a good and valuable service for which we gladly pay on the spot, thus ending the matter. So does the Parcel Post. Isn't there some way to extend the same principle to a point where happiness will be a universal possession?



The Field of Dishonor

She had never seen a highwayman before. This one had an army officer's boots and the manners of a gentleman. She laughed and told him so.

But it was serious business for him. He faced death, prison, disgrace.

It is a story so startling and curious, with its tangle of romance and adventure—with its daring, thrilling climax—that it could only be told by that master of romance—

RICHARD DAVIS

First Uniform Edition

Send the coupon and learn to know the greatest writer of romance and adventure that ever lived. There's the tale of the daredevil Captain Macklin—and Chester Ward, strange fugitive, digging in the ruins of a dead and gone city—and Vera, the spirit medium, with her mystery—and the alert red-headed Gallagher, office boy with a nose for news—and all the marvelous stories of tropic lands and fighting men.

Irving Cobb says: "The world knew him as one of the most vivid and versatile and picturesque writers that our country has produced in the last half century, but his friends knew him as one of the kindest and most unselfish of men—a real human being, firm in his convictions, steadfast in his affections, loyal to the ideals by which he held, but tolerant always in his estimates of others. As a writer his place is assured. But always I shall think of him as he was in private life—a typical American, a lovable companion, and a man to the tips of his fingers."

FREE—Stevenson's Masterpieces

To those who send the coupon promptly we will give a set of Stevenson's masterpieces in five volumes.

Here are the greatest two writers of books of adventure that have ever lived. You can get one at a reduced price and the other free.

Send this coupon and thrill again with *Treasure Island*, with *Kidnapped*, with pirates, and double personalities and buccaners.

Mail Coupon Without Money

Send the coupon for your set now, at once, before the edition is exhausted.

This set of 12 volumes is now as Richard Harding Davis wanted it to be. It is in memory of him that it is sold for the present at a special low price.

The library that does not own Stevenson, and the library that does not own Davis, is no real library at all. Send the coupon today for them both.

Charles Scribner's Sons

597 Fifth Avenue
New York

Life 4-17
Charles Scribner's Sons
597 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y.
Send me, all charges prepaid, complete set of Richard Harding Davis, in 12 volumes. Also send absolutely free the set of Stevenson, in 5 volumes. If the books are not satisfactory I will return both sets within 10 days, at your expense. Otherwise I will send you \$10 at once and \$1.00 a month for 16 months.

Name.....

Address.....

The French Babies

(Continued from page 588)

955. Louis Josquel. Several contributors.
1002. Marie Laborde. Virginia May Rothermel and Walter Albert Rothermel, Earls Court, London, S. W., England.
956. Marthe Lahaderne. Alice R. Radmore, Philadelphia, Pa.
968. Térésé Lalanne. Hazel Purcell, Alliance, O.
954. Marie Laplace. Mrs. W. G. Peckham, Westfield, N. J.
958. Jean Lartigue. Mrs. John Uri Lloyd, Cincinnati, Ohio.
952. Ginette Laurent. Mr. and Mrs. Tyler L. Redfield, Pinehurst, N. C.
947. Paul Le Goff. Several contributors.
961. Marguerite Meugnot. In memory of A. H., New York City.
957. André Mollard. Katherine, Albert, Betty and Ruth, Syracuse, N. Y.
1007. René Périer. Dr. George A. Brown, Barre, Mass.
901. Henri Perret. Dr. Frank W. Skaife, Montreal, Canada.
902. Yvonne Perret. Mrs. Frank W. Skaife, Montreal, Canada.
944. Eugène Presle. In memory of Mrs. Julia Artigues Meyer, San Francisco, Cal.
945. Lucien Presle. In memory of Mrs. Eugene Delaitre Hillegrass, San Francisco, Cal.
963. Marcel Raymond Paul. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Matthews, New York City.
1011. Jean Robert. Frederick A. King, Northborough, Mass.
1015. Louis Roos. J. A. Mitchell, New York City.
989. Yolande Rouleau. Mrs. Eugene J. Grow, Washington, D. C.
984. Marie Sarrazin. Miss Elizabeth T. Miller, Detroit, Mich.
951. Madeleine Schneider. D. H. Grandin Milling Co., Jamestown, N. Y.
972. Yvonne Sinturel. Elizabeth La Boyteux, New York City.
975. Roger Soriat. Mr. and Mrs. Lee Charles Miller, Salt Lake City, Utah.
969. Pierre Teulère. In memory of Roland Morse Thorn, Englewood, N. J.
983. Marguerite Tournesier. Paul Wack Newark, N. J.
981. Robert Toussaint. "Thalia and Malcolm," Blairsville, Pa.
1013. Solange Van Doren. Bradford Shinkle, St. Louis, Mo.
970. André Vernet. Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Palmer, Albany, N. Y.
982. Marcel Alzuigre. Collected by Mrs. Louis Anders from residents of Hot Springs, Alaska.
971. Marcelle Andrez. Mary S. La Boyteux, New York City.
1001. Jean Argaillot. Mrs. William H. Downey, Paget, West, Bermuda.
950. Maurice Bader. Several contributors.
930. Gabrielle Bailly. A. H. Scott, New York City.
931. Danielle Bailly. A. H. Scott, New York City.
994. André Baron. "X. Y. Z., Canada."
993. Jules Baud. "A Friend from Massachusetts."
925. Pierrette Baudy. Mrs. H. A. Galt, Akron, Ohio.
939. Robert Béjannin. Dr. Samuel W. Kelly, Cleveland, Ohio.
974. Marie Belin. "B., S., O. and H. Chicago and New York."
1012. Marie Bernard. S. W. T. Pawtucket, R. I.
999. Joseph Berrard. Miss Charlotte M. Thatcher, Bangor, Me.
995. Maurice Berthod. Mrs. Roscoe F. Oakes, San Francisco, Cal.
998. André Bessard. Mrs. M. B. Williams, Glastonbury, Conn.
996. Fernand Bessey. Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Meservey and Mrs. N. B. White, Hanover, N. H.
926. Jean Besson. Hugh A. Galt, Akron, Ohio.
932. Léon Bichet. A. H. Scott, New York City.
933. Louis Bichet. A. H. Scott, New York City.
934. Marie Bideaux. A. H. Scott, New York City.
935. Augustine Bideaux. A. H. Scott, New York City.
973. Colette Biétry. "The MacKaye Family," New York City.
1009. Emile Bigueur. Marjorie, Billy and Kurtz Canby, Philadelphia, Pa.
936. Robert Billard. A. H. Scott, New York City.
937. Raymond Billard. A. H. Scott, New York City.
997. Odette Cusenier. Miss M. E. Williams, Glastonbury, Conn.

Non-Re
MR. O
gran
resistant,
against w
country e
it should
conscient
He is
more loss
soldiers o
scientious
ber of the
some ser
he requir
share in
governme
vote, but
prival of

BREA
to m
ter with
never has
self, "if
my copy

Try
At C

A P
mix y
deter

ASK u
dozen
the ze
drink three
if not satisfi
at our expen
A bottle
bottles com
very separ
new neede
the outer bott
not pour into
wide mouth, ou
Highest
uniformly prop
cocktail conn
smooth, delici
Try the
their own deli
When o
NASHATTA
Write on you
say "I accept

Cel

CELE
IMPH

NERV
TONIC

Non-Resistants Should Not Vote
MR. OSWALD VILLARD, whose grandfather, Garrison, was a non-resistant, has conscientious scruples against war. He believes that if this country enacts a universal-service law, it should contain a clause exempting conscientious objectors.

He is right about that. There is far more loss than profit in efforts to make soldiers of sincere men who have conscientious objections to war. The number of them is not relatively great, and some service that is not military can be required of them. If they will not share in the military duties which our government requires, they should not vote, but to punish them, except by deprivation of the suffrage, would not pay.

BRER RABBIT found it difficult to make his toilet after his encounter with the Tar Baby. "And it would never have happened," he said to himself, "if I hadn't forgotten to order my copy of LIFE from the newsdealer."



Try 3 Cocktails At Our Expense

A Prepared Cocktail—ready to mix yourself in a jiffy. Cocktails deteriorate by standing mixed.

ASK us to send you, express prepaid, a dozen Symphony Cocktails on approval—all the zest, pep and flavor of the expert made—drink three—then, if you are satisfied, send us \$2.00. If not satisfied, return the remaining nine by express at our expense, and you will owe us nothing.

A bottle within a bottle—that's how Symphony Cocktails come—the *only* bottled cocktails with ingredients *entirely separate* until time to serve—then You-Mix-It. No corkscrew needed. Simply pour the contents of the inner bottle into the outer bottle, shake, and presto—your cocktail. When mixed, it pours into cocktail glass; or if motoring or a picnicking the wide mouth outer bottle serves as a drinking glass.

Highest quality filtered liquors, correctly and uniformly proportioned, sterilized bottles, specially treated corks. Cocktail connoisseurs commend Symphony Cocktails for their smooth, delicious, zesty flavor.

Try the novelty of allowing your guests to mix their own deliciously flavored cocktails.

When ordering, indicate choice of MARTINI, MANHATTAN or PRINCESS, or ASSORTED (4 of each). Write on your business stationery or enclose business card and say "I accept your offer in LIFE."

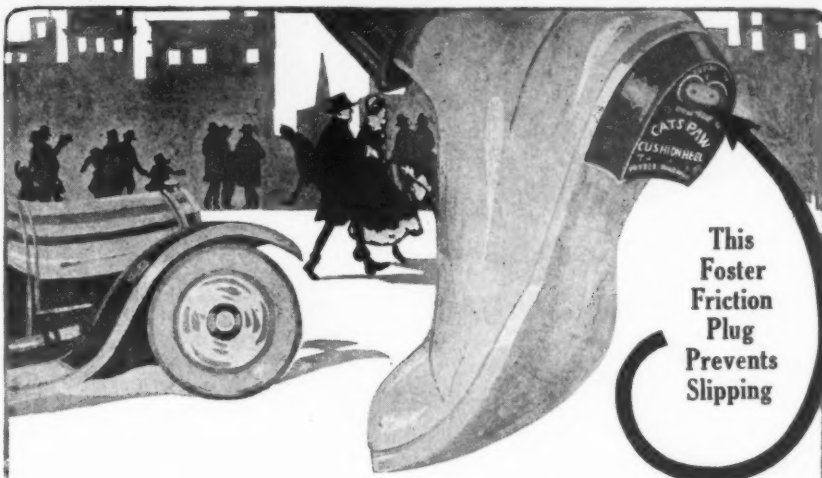
Celery Symphony

No Whiskey Odor



Same bottles as cocktails. Best Old Bourbon, Rye or Scotch Whiskey (designate) in outer bottle—a little syrup and Celery Tonic in inner bottle. Held separately until You-Mix-It. Your money back if anyone can detect whiskey odor. Same trial proposition as on Cocktails. Let us send you 12 Cocktails and 12 Celery Symphony or either.

YOU-MIX-IT COMPANY
 160 North Fifth Avenue, Chicago



This Foster Friction Plug Prevents Slipping

Go along as you please on



CAT'S PAW CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

Stop—start!—wind in and out the maze of traffic—quickly—sure-footedly.

Slipping is the biggest danger in your daily life. When your brain says, "slow down" or "step lively" there must be no foot-treachery.

Good news, friends! The same Cat's Paws that ease your steps make walking safe. That Foster Friction Plug is the reason.

Cat's Paws contain no dirt-carrying holes, and they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

50 cts. attached—White, Tan & Gray. For Men, Women and Children.

FOSTER RUBBER CO.

105 Federal Street - - - Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.

"Therefore"

BEWARE of the word "therefore." It can get you into no end of trouble. Writers and speakers have a way of going along for a sentence or two and then calmly slipping in the word "therefore," just as if something had been proved. Having done this, they proceed oftentimes to make the most astounding assertions.

The careless reader or listener, having seen the word "therefore," and accepted it at its face value, immediately believes the astounding assertions, and thus another fallacy is started upon its merry peregrinations through a credulous world.

A safe plan is to count ten every time you see the word "therefore," and count one hundred before accepting as sound the conclusions which it introduces.

E. O. J.

Emery

Silk Shirts

\$5, \$6, \$7.50 up to \$10,
ready to wear. Materials,
workmanship
and finish equal to
custom shirts at
double the price.

Look for *Emery*
at better-class hab-
erdashers. Or write
for dealer's name.

W.M.
Steppacher &
Bro., Inc.,
Philadelphia



How Short Can a Short Story Be?

HOW short can a short story be? *Life*, wishing to solve this problem, held recently a very interesting contest. A prize of \$1,000 was offered for the best original story under 1,500 words in length, and second and third prizes of \$500 and \$250. In addition to these prizes, every story accepted by *Life* as good enough to enter the competition was to be paid for at the rate of ten cents for every word under 1,500 words which the author *did not write!* That is, a story of 1,499 words would be worth 10 cents; a story of 500 words would be worth \$100, and so on.

This unique contest aroused great interest among the best American short story writers. More than 30,000 MSS. were received by *Life*. Of these, 81 were selected as the best, and these are the stories which appear in this book.

Eighty-one short stories, all under 1,500 words, vivid, unconventional, some by established writers and some by authors still unknown to the public, make this a book of unusual interest. Thomas L. Masson, the well known managing editor of *Life* and compiler of humorous anthologies, contributes an introduction.

It cost *Life* more than \$12,000 to collect these stories. The reader may have them for \$1.25 net. By post, \$1.36.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 West 31st Street, New York

Short Stories from "Life"

THE 81 PRIZE STORIES IN
"LIFE'S" SHORTEST STORY
CONTEST

With an Introduction by
THOMAS L. MASSON
Managing Editor of "Life"

Net \$1.25

An Incident of the Trenches

IN a gorse bush a hundred yards beyond his trench lay Lieutenant Fitzhugh Throckmorton of the King's Own Rifles, asleep at his post. For hours he had lain there, searching the position of the enemy through his binoculars. Overcome by fatigue, he had nodded, drowsed, and finally slumbered.

The sun hung low in the western mists when Throckmorton awoke. He glanced at his wrist-watch and sprang to his feet with an oath. Regardless of peril, he turned and sprinted toward his trench. His was not a nature to count the risk when duty, however delayed, called. Every German sniper within range sent shot upon shot after the flying figure. The enemy's trenches took up the hunt and fairly blazed with rifle and machine-gun fire. The bullets hummed in Throckmorton's ears like a swarm of savage hornets. They snarled and bit at the turf about his feet like a pack of wolves.

With a last desperate burst of speed, his clothing tattered with bullet holes, the Lieutenant gained his trench and leaped down to its cover. His face wearing an expression of mingled hope and despair, he rushed to the bomb-proof dug-out where sat his Colonel and brother officers. They looked up at him with cold eyes. One glance and Throckmorton's heart failed him. He was too late.

They had finished tea.

R. Richard Schayer.



EASTER, 1917. THE SAME OLD BONNET

The foundation, as well as the process of making Cook's, is right—great, luscious grapes which are raised just for this one purpose of making Champagne of a superior flavor... You'll like Cook's Imperial for its purity, tongue nipping life and exquisite bouquet. Sold Everywhere — Served Everywhere
American Wine Company · · · · St. Louis, U.S.A.





Man at the Wheel—GET IN, REGGIE,
THIS IS THE RIGHT ROAD.

Reggie—HOW DO YOU KNOW?

M. A. T. W.—WHY, BY THAT IMPRINT. ANYBODY WISE ENOUGH TO USE
KELLY'S IS TRAVELING THE RIGHT WAY.

Kelly-Springfield

Tires and Tubes

